The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ANOTHER YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The vines I planted did not grow—
I saw them in my dreams in fair completeness
Make Heaven throughout my lonesome room,
In whispering snowy sweetness.
They tried awhile their languid life to raise,
As though in answer to my coaxing touch,
And then, like hearts whom we love overmuch,
And twine about with all our hopes and praise,
They drooped and faded from the teeming earth,
Unknowing all the joy of coming days.
I fear their roots are dead, their leaves are sere—
And yet they may bloom forth another year.

Another year may warm the heart
That only throbs for self, all cold, unbender;
The wild way meet some valley sweet,
Glowing in sunset splendor.
Another year, oh! in yon silent land
My mountains in their purple glory rise,
And olden dreams thrill 'neath the yearning skies;
I know that though long exiled I shall stand
Among my own once more, and hear their songs
Swell into glorious anthems sweetly grand.
Bend thou, O glorious Presence! ever near,
And bid me still hope on another year.

MRS. M. E. CLARKE.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

When Lasley hurried away from Paul Andrews he had gone to the first livery stable he could remember and ordered a carriage. Before he had time to ask himself what his own intentions were, he was being driven up the crowded road on the track of Leonie Dormer.

When he could think he began to question himself, and there rose the biting thought—of what use was it to follow her? She had gone to meet this man of her own accord—what had he, Mark Lasley, to do there? She had known this fellow during that portion of her life of which she never spoke—that long silence which she had kept unbroken even to her nearest relatives—what had he to do coming between them?

Mark asked himself that and cursed his own folly anew. What an utter idiot he was! He was nothing to this woman any more than the hosts of city butterflies that had scorched their wings in the fire of her eyes during the past winter—she only made a mock of his suffering and his love. Her real feelings—the secrets of her actual life were shared with this miserable wretch, this gambler, at whose bidding she went boldly forth to a place where no respectable woman had any right to set foot unless protected by the presence of a husband or brother.

Oh, he was worse than mad—he was a fool—a blind idiot! He would go back; he would not add to his drivelling imbecility by carrying it further. He raised himself in the seat to order the coachman to return, but before the words passed his lips another revulsion of feeling passed over him, and he sank back among the cushions and allowed the horses to dash on.

At least he would see her; the sight of her in that man's presence might give him strength to cast her out of his heart forever and rid him of the burthen of anguish he had carried so long. Yes, he would see her—confront her before this villain, and then put such leagues of sea and land between her and him that no after weakness could leave him within the spell of her influence.

But the very violence of his anger caused it to pass quickly; softer feelings came back—the old reflection that so often had made him pause on the verge of quitting her forever. If he wronged her, after all; if by some fatal chance for which she could not be blamed, this man had acquired a certain power over her. If there had been some misconduct on her dead father's part—some disgraceful history connected with her last husband, which she sought to make secret by gold. Then he could help her—she might own the truth at such a moment and be ready to trust him—to accept his aid. He must go on! Yes, that was it—she was in trouble and needed his presence. Why had he not settled down upon that conviction at once—how could he have been so cruel and fiendish as to doubt her for an instant, when by patience and kindness he might have learned the whole? Now the wheels seemed scarcely to move and he was wild to reach the spot. The respectable servant at the hotel told him that Mr. Yates and the lady were out in the grove, and he hurried through the fields and up the hill, catching sight of the pair through the trees, so frenzied by the despair in Leonie's face that he uttered the cry which startled them.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Mrs. Dormer, has this man dared to annoy you?"

Yates had stepped back a little and stood looking at Lasley with a murderous smile. Leonie saw his right hand move toward his breast and conceal itself beneath his coat; she knew his nature and the lawless habits of the land where he had dwelt so long too thoroughly not to understand what the gesture portended. There was no time for terror if she meant to save Lasley's life. She stepped quickly between them, and with her marvellous power of self-restraint forced her voice to be calm and natural, as she said—

"There is nothing the matter, Mr. Lasley; I will join you at the hotel presently."

"Come now," he replied. "This is no place for you—come now."

Yates laughed aloud, but did not move—only Leonie saw the hand hidden in his bosom stir slightly and stepped closer toward him.

"Who are you?" continued Lasley, turning fiercely upon the man. "By what right do you address this lady?"

Yates regarded him fixedly with the same terrible smile.

"I might more appropriately ask by what right you interrupt a quiet interview between this lady and myself," he answered.

"Not one word of insolence!" cried Mark, fairly beside himself now. "Come, Mrs. Dormer—if this fellow attempts to annoy you further, let him understand it is I with whom he will have to deal."

"There's no time like the present," replied Yates, laughing again. His hand began to be withdrawn from his breast, but Leonie laid hers firmly upon it.

"Please to go away, Mr. Lasley," she said slowly; "I wish to speak to this gentleman."

"Not here," returned Lasley; "not now."

"Here and now," said Leonie, checking further remonstrance with an imperious gesture.

"Didn't you hear the lady? Mrs. Dormer has dismissed you," added Yates with mocking emphasis.

Leonie saw the fury in Lasley's eyes; he made a step forward; she knew that in another instant she should be powerless to prevent a mortal struggle between the two men, even if Lasley escaped the weapon which was clutched tightly in Yates's hidden hand.

"Have the goodness to go away, Mr. Lasley," she repeated; "I will join you presently as I said."

"I implore you," he began, but she interrupted him.

"You are somewhat dull of understanding, sir—must I speak more clearly?"

"Evidently," sneered Yates. "Mr. Lasley can't believe his ears when they tell him that he is banished—by you."

Lasley did not notice him—did not hear his words—his whole soul was in the gaze he fastened upon Leonie's face.

"I desire you to go at once; you will hardly compel me to withdraw in order to be free from you," she said.

It was her coolest, most insulting voice; she knew the effect it always had upon him and she did not miscalculate its influence.

Without another word he turned on his heel and strode away down the hill, casting one glance of bitter scorn upon her as he passed which seemed to blind her very sight.

For full twenty minutes the pair stood there in eager conversation; finally Yates started off with some last menacing words to which she answered only—

"Come near me again, and it is I who will speak; I swear it, and you know I shall not break my word."

He stopped and muttered something in which she caught Lasley's name—but even that did not make her quail; she saw that she had overawed the ruffian by her determination, and she would not lose her advantage.

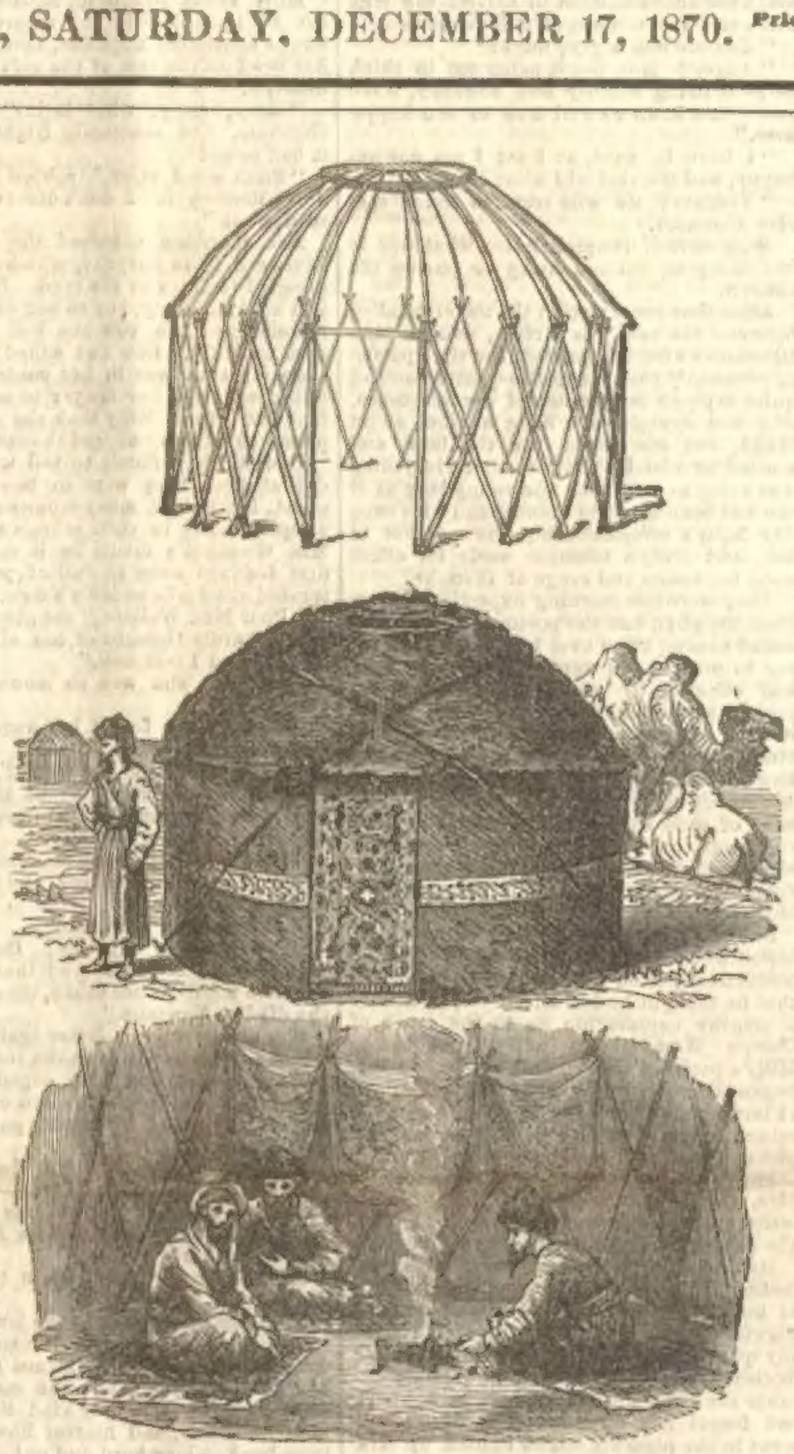
"Remember," she called, "make any quarrel with this man or another on my account, and I take the matter into my own hands—I will appeal to the law."

He passed on, but she watched him and saw that he took a path which led down to the village below the inn—he was not going back to the house. He was gone—and left to herself, Leonie sank down upon a mossy rock, so weak and faint, that for a long time she could not stir. She realized what had come upon her—she had made her choice—open battle in the sight of the whole world—but she did not shrink. She cared nothing now for the publicity she had struggled so hard to avoid; the world was nothing to her save as it held the man she loved, and he was already lost to her forever.

She raised her white, desolate face toward Heaven as if silently appealing for strength; let it fall upon her hands, and sat patient and still. The worst had come—as well be quiet—she had reached the end.

At length she rose, and walked slowly along the summit of the hill through the faded sunset, with that specious calmness which comes from despair and physical exhaustion. As she reached a denser part of the wood, she came upon Mark Lasley lying at the foot of a group of pine trees. He got up as she approached, and stood looking at her with a face as pallid as her own.

She did not speak; her eyes did not fall beneath his glance—those mournful, blurred eyes which neither asked nor expected pity now.



TENT IN CENTRAL ASIA.

The tent of the Turkoman in central Asia is very neat, and quite suitable to the life led by these wandering people. We give an illustration in three forms: 1st, the framework cut in wood; 2d, the same when covered with pieces of felt; 3d, its interior. With the exception of the wood-work, all its parts are made by the Turkoman woman, who busies herself with its construction and putting together its various parts. The tents of the rich and the poor are distinguished by their being got up with a greater or less pomp inside. There are only two sorts:—1, Karnoy, or Black Tent, that is, the tent which has grown brown or black from age; 2, Akoy, or White Tent, that is, one covered in the interior with felt of snowy whiteness: it is erected for newly-married couples, or for guests to whom they wish to pay particular honor. Cool in summer and warm in winter, what a blessing is its shelter when the wild hurricane rages in all directions around the almost boundless plains! A stranger is often fearful lest the elements should rend into a thousand pieces so frail an abode, but the Turkoman has no such fear; he makes the cords fast and sleeps sweetly, for the howling of the storm sounds in his ear like the song that lulls the infant in his cradle!

"You told me you would see me," he said; "but I was not waiting for that; I supposed you had gone."

"I am going," she answered.

"Where?"

"Anywhere!" The word escaped her unawares; she checked herself, and added. "Home, of course."

"And your companion—where is he?"

"Gone, sometime since."

He was standing directly in the path looking at her still; she was so blind and dizzy that she could scarcely distinguish his face. Presently he said—

"Have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing," she answered, in a voice so cold and hollow, that it might have been the utterance of a ghost.

"Nothing?" he repeated, and there was a thrill of rekindled anger in his tone now. "Have you no explanation to give?"

"None," she replied in the same unmoved way.

"Are you mad?" he exclaimed.

"Not mad; not mad—yet," but the monosyllable was whispered to herself so low that he did not catch it.

"What then—the falsest and most perfidious of women?" he questioned bitterly."

"I am whatever you please to think me," she replied.

"For all these long months I have given you the whole love and devotion of my heart—suspicious as I was, I have been patient and trusting in a way of which a better man might be proud—and you can treat me like this?"

"I told you how useless it was—how hopeless," she said.

"But you let me love you; you told me my affection was more to you than any man's had ever been."

"I was very wicked," was all her answer.

"Then you acknowledge that it was false?" he cried.

"You must think so—after what you have seen."

"But I want it from your lips! I'll never believe it, unless you put it into words."

She was silent; for his sake she would have done it if she could; if he despised her in every way, there would be some hope of his curing himself of a passion that he deemed unworthy, but her parched lips would not utter the lie.

"Reproach me," he exclaimed, softened by her inability to speak; "speak bitterly to me—tell me how mean I am, not to trust you against appearances—everything."

"No man should thus trust a woman," she replied.

"Not if he loves her—not if something in his heart tells him she is true?"

"No," she said, in a hard tone.

"I have heard you speak so differently!"

"Yes; when I talk poetry, or for effect."

He walked away from her—came hastily back; she stood there motionless, looking straight before her with her glazed eyes.

"Be angry with me," he pleaded. "Reproach me for having doubted you, for having dared to harbor a single harsh thought."

This tenderness in his voice smote her heart through all that dreadful apathy which was like the sluggishness of death. Her lips quivered for an instant, her eyes looked misty—but no tears fell.

"This man is nothing to you, Leonie; there is some secret which is not your own, that has been forced upon you! Confide in me—let me help you."

"You cannot."

"Tell me why? I know you could explain—I will believe it! You have been afraid—afraid for me, if you will, lest some harm should come to me; oh, tell me anything, and I will believe it."

"I might tell you a lie," she replied, slowly; "but I'll not tell—any more. I have no explanation to give."

"And are we to part here?" he asked.

"I suppose so—yes! What else is left?"

"Oh, my God, Leonie, don't drive me mad! Do you know what you say—what you are doing?"

"Yes, I know! There is nothing else to do."

"There must be! You at least want help; you must tell me—you must trust me. Don't you know that I love you with my whole heart and soul—with a love that changes my whole nature—that there is nothing I would not do?"

Deep in her soul there was a brief struggle, even while she knew its uselessness; a great longing to confide in him. But if his love could make him believe her truth, of what avail could his assistance be—and if aid had been possible, how could she fasten ridicule and disgrace upon him? But something worse than shame stood near if she yielded to the last moan of her breaking heart—danger! She knew that Yates would avenge himself upon any man whom he was once convinced she loved—his life would pay the forfeit; there was no crime too horrible—no murder too foul for that wretch to shrink from it.

He must leave her; she must send him away; she must see him go, conscious that she lost the last friend in whose companionship she could have found any consolation—but it was for his life—his life!

"I want no help," she said.

"Then I'll find that man and make him speak," he cried.

He was rushing away with a mad thought in his disordered mind of seeking this stranger and ending his part in the mystery by some bloody encounter, but the unutterable, imploring look of agony in Leonie's face checked him. At first she could not speak; then her voice came faint and fluttering.

"You have been my friend—I am not appealing to your love—I ask you by that friendship not to interfere—not to see him even. It is all I ask—all I expect! Ill as you think of me, promise me this—for my soul's sake, promise it!"

"For your sake or my own?" he asked.

"For mine," she answered; "wholly for mine."

"Through fear that I may learn more of you than I know already?" continued he.

Even yet he was hoping to sting her into some acknowledgment that she feared for his safety; seeking any loophole that might leave him faith in her—but she understood that.

"Yes," she replied; "you know enough now to despise me—are you not content?"

The solid earth rocked under her feet—the great trees seemed toppling—the world was slipping from her—no after pain could ever equal this utterance of her self-libel; but all the while she cried to her heart—for his safety—his life!

"I shall trouble you no farther—have no fear for yourself or that man—I am indeed answered!"

"Go, then—go!"

With another incoherent burst of passion and grief he fled away, and Leonie Dormer sank once more on the ground and lifted her white face to the twilight heavens.

"It's all over," she muttered; "all over now. I can't even die—I thought this would kill me—but I can't die. Only I've nothing more to dread—let the world know. The sooner I am flung down and trampled on the better—I have nothing more to fear! Oh, my God, somewhere, somewhere—hereafter at least, there must be rest—'help thou mine unbelief!'"

CHAPTER XXV.

August had come; the sky wore its golden haze; the hills grew softer and more beautiful, and the quiet of the season in a certain way soothed Milly's unrest.

About that time Mrs. Gresham was seized with a violent rheumatic fever, from the effects of a drenching which would have upset the stoutest hydropathist that ever shivered under a bath of ice water in December, and very ill she was. Never was illness more fortunate than that of Mrs. Gresham in one respect—I mean in the effect it had upon our faulty Milly. She began with the intention of being a martyr; she took the entire charge of the sick room; she watched day and night, and before Aunt Eliza left her bed, Milly was doing her duty from far different motives than those which actuated her in the outset.

Sitting in that darkened chamber with death sometimes looking nearer than it is agreeable to have him come, Milly had ample time for thought, and was forced to regard her conduct and her suffering in their true light. The hardness and bitterness were out of her soul, and the discipline to which she was obliged to submit herself did her a world of good. At first Milly had not much leisure to reflect, her aunt was so ill, so peevish and exacting, as the most patient people are when suffering from that dreadful malady, and Milly had to exert all her energies in the task devolving upon her. But when the sick woman ceased to endure such constant pain and could sleep a good deal both by night and day, then in her silent watches came Milly's time for thought which she could not drive away or turn a shade from its proper hue.

She was able to see at last that she had poorly deserved the short-lived happiness which had been vouchsafed her; able to understand that her undisciplined nature had not been capable of any real and enduring content. She could see, too, how suffering might work good to mind and heart, instead of embittering the whole nature, as she had allowed it to do here, so that, long continued, her cynical speeches and want of faith would have made her insupportable to all with whom she came in contact.

At last Mrs. Gresham could sit up, could allow the children in the room and call up a portion of her old energy. Her former tenderness for Milly revived—she was so like the dead sister whom she had loved. Of course Mrs. Gresham was often peevish and unreasonable, and Milly had many relapses into her old mental distempers, but she had

character enough to struggle on now that she was at last able to see the light. Her very sorrow grew different; she suffered and her poor young heart ached wearily, but she began to see that because one hope had failed she had no right to declare that the whole world was barren. Naturally, she rather went to the other extreme for a time, and was over strict with herself—it is so difficult to preserve a happy medium in dealing with one's own peculiarities.

Milly found time for a long walk each day; Mrs. Gresham saw how much she enjoyed it and would not permit her to forego the gratification, and the solitary rambles did Milly lasting good. She saw and felt the beautiful as she had never before done; every change in the soft skies, every new aspect of loveliness was caught by her, and she looked out toward the glorious blue hills with a growing serenity very unlike the wicked impatience of the past months.

I am not trying to transform her into a heroine or an angel—she was very human still and very full of faults, but she was making a conscientious effort to do right, and people are helped when they do that. It was difficult to be patient with trifles when she was solacing her mind by dreams of great sacrifices; for pin-pricks suffered any length of time are infinitely worse than one deep thrust from a dagger. The children would be careless about their lessons; Aunt Eliza would moan when her tea had too much or too little sugar in it; the kitchen staff would be stupid and provoking, and as many days were spoiled completely as ever an acolyte ruined *plats* while acquiring the sacred mysteries of the culinary art. But Milly persevered; sometimes, just when she thought herself advancing promisingly, she would slip back, hurt herself severely, and have to lie on the thorns and cry, but she always picked herself up and trudged gallantly on—gradually learning life's lessons—going slowly but surely on toward the light.

One day in particular, Mrs. Gresham had been extremely cross,—as you or I would have been with a shoulder that creaked like a rusty door hinge when we tried to use it, and a trip hammer beating furiously in the left temple. The servants had to be set in order, and the children wanted twenty things at once, and each of the twenty was something they had no business to require, and they all the more clamorous on that account. But Milly bore it splendidly—saved herself each time she was slipping, and held fast to her patience.

When quiet was restored, Aunt Eliza's shoulder comfortable, and her head induced to cease its trip-hammer performance under the influence of Milly's skillful manipulations, Mrs. Gresham lay and looked at her for a long while in silence.

"Milly," she said at length, "you are not like the same girl."

Milly seized the thread of her aunt's reflections and smiled.

"I hope not," she answered; "there was need of a change."

"I never saw a better nurse! Oh, Milly, you have been your mother over again since I was ill."

Milly did not burst into tears like a sensitive young creature in a book, or throw herself on her knees before her aunt with a poetical and long-winded burst of thankfulness; she had the dread of scenes common to most people in real life. She went on with her work, and tried to make her voice preserve its usual tone as she said,

"Then you must love me once more, for her sake."

"I always have loved you, even when I was the most angry," Mrs. Gresham replied. "I know I was cross; I can see where I was wrong; but I loved you as well as one of my own children all the time—I want you to believe that."

"I do believe it, aunt, and it makes me happy," Milly said. "I have been a very foolish, ungrateful girl in many things—in others I have been unfortunate—"

"Yes, Milly," her aunt interrupted softly; "and I ought to have recollected that."

"I want you to try and forget my faults," Milly went on, "and I will try to forget my little troubles, and we shall do very well."

Mrs. Gresham could not help thinking what good fortune Milly deserved now, and her thoughts reverted to the hopes of the past.

"Oh, Milly," she exclaimed, "if only things had not ended as they did."

"Don't, aunt, please," returned Milly in a low voice. "I don't want to talk or think of what is gone by—let it be a sealed book between us—it will be better every way."

Mrs. Gresham was silent for some time; she was watching Milly's changed, womanly face, out of which the weariness and discontent had faded; she was feeling, more keenly than she had often allowed herself in her worldliness to feel, that there was more in life for the young than dress and gayety, more than the mere hope of wealth and station. Then, too, she began to think that Milly might get over her trouble in time, that she might find a new object to love, and all the happiness and good fortune come which Mrs. Gresham wished for her.

"Milly," she said, "we will go away from here before long. My stocks are coming up again, and I shall be able to realize a sum that will make us very comfortable, and we'll have a pleasant winter."

"I am perfectly comfortable here, I give you my word."

"But you can't go on living in this way; I don't wish to turn you into a governess or a seamstress—it's not natural for a girl to live like a hermit in a cave."

Milly laughed more like her old self than she had done in a long, long time.

"But, aunty, this house is not a bit like a cave, and I like to sew. I have learned to like teaching the children too; I think I am bringing them on quite well now; don't you?"

"Indeed you are; much better than that stupid Miss Lane ever could or would, but you are young, you must have pleasures suitable—society."

Milly shuddered to recall her brief career; it had been very delightful—but oh, the black, dreadful end! She could not care for the world now because there was no guerdon back of its charms—they would be sadly hollow and blank to her, lacking that. How could she sigh for crowds when she could no longer go among them to watch for one dear face; how could she join in the old dances, remembering the time when a beloved arm had guided her through; sit and listen to the familiar operas and plays when there was no one treasured friend to whom she could turn for sympathy and appreciation.

"I want a quiet life, aunt," she said. "You gave me my butterfly season and I soiled my wings dreadfully, and flew in the very face of the wind. It would not be just to Maud, or to the others who will soon take her place, for me to wear out the last of my youth in amusement, and put you to an expense which ought to be reserved for them."

And Mrs. Gresham thought what a dear, wise girl she had grown; indeed, she could not permit her, with her heightened beauty and her new mental attractions, to sink into a mere household drudge for the sake of her other charges.

"But, Milly," she began, "you may marry."

"Aunty, don't talk about that—I shall never marry. I don't mean to be foolish or romantic, but I know, I know that I couldn't love any man—again."

"Now, my dear—"

She checked Mrs. Gresham by a little sign when she would have expostulated, and went on.

"Aunt, I feel as you did after uncle George died—don't make me say anything more. I have buried my love—I could not build a new palace on its grave. I don't want to talk about these matters, or to think of them more than I can help, but it is better that we should understand each other thoroughly."

Mrs. Gresham was silent, but in that moment she acknowledged to herself the true force and womanliness of Milly's nature.

"You are not angry, aunt?"

"Angry? No; but it pains me to think of your living solitary and unhappy, when you would know so well how to use happiness."

"I have it, aunt, at least I am not unhappy, and the rest will come in time."

"Yes, yes; we will trust to time," said Mrs. Gresham.

Milly smiled, comprehending what was in her thoughts, but not caring to pursue the subject.

After that conversation the understanding between the two was perfect, and as Mrs. Gresham's health improved, the time passed so pleasantly that the restless, active woman quite enjoyed her period of convalescence. She was sometimes a little anxious about Maud, but she hoped for the best, and trusted to Adelaide's letters that everything was going as well with the young lady as if she had been there to watch; and with each day Milly's companionship grew dearer to her, and Milly's example made its effect upon her habits and range of thought.

They were one morning expecting letters from the girls, and the postmaster had neglected to send them over by his boy, according to promise, an agreement which Milly had effected by much management and judicious inducements to the youth in the way of sixpence for sugar-plum buying. Mrs. Gresham felt confident there were letters at the office, and Milly was beset by an odd restlessness as if she were expecting news of some sort herself, though she knew there was none to come; so when the early country dinner hour passed, and the afternoon wore on, and no small boy appeared, Milly started for the village herself.

She was still haunted by her vague expectation when she reached the office. The old postmaster put on his spectacles—admitted that he thought he had letters—entered into a lengthy explanation as to the cause of George Washington's delay, and before Milly's patience was completely exhausted, began slowly turning over the piles, and at last counted her down three with as much reluctance as if he had been a philanthropist called to help somebody in private.

Milly looked at the envelopes—all for Mrs. Gresham—one Maud's young-ladyish writing—the other was her lawyer's hand—the third evidently a business letter likewise.

Milly started homeward with an actual feeling of disappointment, and then laughed at herself for her folly; she had not the slightest reason to expect a single letter from any quarter—it was just a return of her old foolish ways. She walked on briskly because she knew her aunt would be anxious, and forgot her own causeless disappointment in the pleasure which lighted up Mrs. Gresham's face as the letters were laid in her lap.

"An actual mail-bag," said Aunt Eliza, with true feminine delight. "Oh, this is from Maud—now let us see what she says."

She skimmed the epistle over in her eagerness, then read portions of it aloud for Milly's benefit. It was full of glowing accounts of hops and concerts, petitions for new dresses, appeals for money, hints of wonderful attentions, and a long paragraph about Charley Wylde, ending with—

"He is ever so devoted, mamma, and I don't believe he ever cared a straw about Milly—it was just one of your fancies. He sings duets with me, and he reads Tennyson to me of a morning while I work on Addie's chair-coverings—I'd rather he read a jolly magazine story, of course, but it's very nice of him."

"I hope you are not jealous, Milly," Mrs. Gresham said.

"Not in the least, I assure you! He is the best-hearted young fellow in the world, and if he does like Maud and she him, it will be a good thing for both."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Gresham complacently. "Anyway, things seem to go on very well with her. But oh, what an extravagant puss she is, and Adelaide encourages her in it. They have no idea of making old things into new—you are a genius in that way, Milly."

"A proof that I was meant for narrow means, but Maud hates sewing."

"What's this?" asked Mrs. Gresham, who had gone back to the letter. "I can't make it out—what hands the girls do write now-a-days! What is that line, Milly—there's a name I can't make out any more than if it were Greek."

Milly took the letter—she deciphered the name at once.

"It is something about Leonie Dormer—shall I read it?"

"I beg your pardon—"

"No need, aunt; the woman does not vex me now."

She read the paragraph aloud, but Mrs. Gresham was sorry she had not made it out herself, as Maud managed to say something ill-natured about Milly.

"Leonie Dormer is here," read Milly steadily. "The men are more crazy over her than ever—how she does dress and flirt—but Charley Wylde says she isn't very handsome now. She is very civil to me and I am to her, if it's only to punish Milly for her rudeness—Mrs. Dormer doesn't ever speak of her, so she needn't fancy she cares."

"Very confusing with her pronouns," said Mrs. Gresham, vexed at her daughter's folly. "Here is Mr. Whiting's letter—it's only about those railroad bonds."

She took up the third epistle, glanced at the superscription, and turned the letter over to examine the monogram.

"I don't know this writing," said she; "who can it be from? It's postmarked New York—why who can it be from?"

Milly laughed outright at her aunt sitting there and perplexing her brains, as people love to do, over an unknown chirography.

"Suppose you open it," she suggested.

Mrs. Gresham looked as if the thought had not occurred to her, but after another instant's contemplation, followed Milly's advice. She had to tear the envelope into bits—out fell an inclosure. Mrs. Gresham glanced at it and exclaimed—

"Why, Milly, it's a letter for you."

Milly took it, wondering a little in her turn, after the fashion for which she had laughed at her aunt, till it was Mrs. Gresham's turn to cry out—

"For mercy's sake, open it, you silly child! You'll never find out what it is by staring at the address," quite oblivious of her own staring and perplexity while she thought the epistle intended for herself.

Milly opened the letter and began to read, then glanced up in astonishment, almost fright.

"What is it, Milly?" exclaimed her aunt, still nervous enough from her illness to be easily alarmed. "There's no bad news, is there—nothing about the girls?"

Milly shook her head, finished the page, sat an instant pale and regardless of her aunt's continued inquiries, then just buried her head on the arm of the sofa and sobbed heartily.

"Milly, Milly, what is it?" cried Mrs. Gresham, now absolutely frightened. "Is it bad news?"

"Such good news," sobbed Milly. "I don't deserve it—I don't deserve it! Only read, aunt."

Mrs. Gresham snatched the epistle and devoured it in surprise, which changed to mingled feelings as she read. Mrs. Wallace had died suddenly, but on her death bed she remembered the vow she had made in regard to Milly. She had willed her all the property that was in her control, and this letter was from her lawyer to announce the fact and inform Milly that she was now the possessor of two hundred thousand dollars.

It would be difficult to tell what the pair did at first, they were so bewildered and upset, but before many moments they were weeping softly in each other's arms, and to Mrs. Gresham's credit be it said that her first feelings were as full of pure, unadulterated gratitude as Milly's own.

"Poor Mrs. Wallace," the girl said; "and I have hardly thought of her all summer—how wicked I feel now."

"My dear, she was so much older than you."

"She did not forget her words—she said she should do this."

"When—what do you mean?"

Milly had to explain about the visit she had received from her the previous spring, and Mrs. Gresham said—

"Poor dear little woman—well, I am glad I had already forgiven her, and was sorry I scolded her so."

"She was not to blame."

"It's all over any way! Dead and left you all that money! And that silly Maud never to mention her death, though it seems she died at Newport."

She picked up the letter again and found a half page separate from the rest which she had overlooked, and there, edged in between a description of Adelaide's new croquet dress and an account of a yachting party, was the mention—

"Oh, I forgot to tell you Mrs. Wallace is dead—erysipelas or something—Addie and I did not go to the funeral for fear of infection; besides, that day we had a grand croquet match—"

Mrs. Gresham threw down the page in disgust.

They had to go back to the lawyer's letter to read over such brief information as it contained, but Milly could not think about her good fortune then; she could only remember how very, very kind the dead woman had been, and marvel how she could have been so long hard and unbelieving.

Mrs. Gresham did not jar upon her thoughts by any worldly calculation at the time; indeed for two or three days, while waiting for more details promised by the man of business, they could only dwell upon Mrs. Wallace's invariable kindness and recall all the good acts they had ever known of her, and Mrs. Gresham was glad to say over and over—

"Poor Jane, I am so glad I forgave her! We were old school friends, and I never was cross to her but that once."

It would be preposterous to say that Milly felt any poignant sorrow for a person whom she had only known as an old acquaintance of her aunt's, and it was right and natural that after those days of regret she should turn to her changed prospects, only not forgetting to be grateful in her new prosperity.

"I have not deserved it, aunt; oh, I have not."

"No one more," returned Mrs. Gresham; "and you will use it wisely, I am sure."

"I will try," Milly said humbly; "and you must help me."

At night, after her aunt was in bed and asleep, Milly sat in her room thinking of all that had befallen her, and she could not combat the feeling of profound depression that crept over her mind.

What could wealth do for her now? It could not give back her lost youth—it could not restore the love gone from her, or warm into a second blossoming the hopes that clung sere and dead about her heart.

Those were dark hours, but she was helped through them, and when morning came, she was again strong enough to remember that if this change in her life could not bring back its brightness, at least it might be a blessing to others in her hands.

Now Mrs. Gresham began to hold long discussions with her, and if Milly had been her own daughter she could not have found her more ready to appropriate her fortune to the general good.

"You see, aunt," she said, "it just furthers my plan of living with you after the rest are gone. When the little ones are married, you and I will keep house by ourselves and grow old and comfortable together."

Aunt Eliza smiled at the prospect; indeed she could afford to wear the most benignant smile in these days, for the share Milly had announced she meant to give her out of her income, would make her very comfortable.

Milly was too generous to have any of that mean pride in the possession of money which even many persons who give freely have—she only remembered how much she was indebted to her aunt, and was anxious to show her gratitude.

"I think," she said, "I should like to enlarge this house and always spend the summer here—we could make the place lovely."

"Oh, very easily and at a very moderate expense," said Mrs. Gresham, who had a mania for building and altering things. "I think it's a capital idea, for I am attached to the old place too."

She began at once in fancy throwing out wings, putting in bow-windows, and was exceedingly provoked at the interruption of the children at the moment she was arranging an extensive green-house.

"You never leave Milly a moment's peace," she said, when the small ones gathered about their cousin, with half a dozen petitions apiece.

"But Milly likes it," they pleaded; "don't you, Milly?"

Milly assured them that she did.

There was to be no change in their life until spring—but Milly enlarged the domestic staff, and sent Maud a present to buy ball-dresses, which made the young lady forget her envy of Milly's good fortune in contemplating the numerous benefits which were likely to accrue to herself therefrom.

Adelaide wrote her that she must be very happy to have an opportunity of showing her gratitude to her aunt—but added that she believed in gratitude when she saw some tangible proofs of its existence; and hinted sweetly, that she did not expect to see such in Milly's case, or if they were displayed, should persist in the opinion that it was only fear of people's considering her a perfect monster which induced her to show them.

Then Hortense sent an epistle full of good-natured congratulation on the first page, branching off into immense sentences of sesquipedalian words, in which she clearly proved that Milly knew nothing about the value or the fitting uses of money—and demonstrating with equal force, what Milly ought to do, if she would be directed by those able to guide her. Hortense's plan, as well as Milly could understand it, seemed to be for her to found an establishment, call about her competent assistance, and become the head of a sort of Protestant nunnery, with a hospital attached.

Milly laughed heartily over the characteristic letters of her cousins—and Adelaide, if she could have seen her, would have been disgusted to discover that her malevolence was powerless to wound; and Hortense would have been shocked at her frivolity—absolutely stunned by the idea that Milly could laugh at opinions that were not only hers (Hortense's) but shared by her whole intellectual coterie, Professor Drivier and Dr. Brazen included.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Assassination of President Lincoln.

John H. Surratt recently delivered a lecture at Rockville, Md., in the course of which he said he was introduced to John Wilkes Booth in the fall of 1864. After meeting several times, Booth disclosed to him a plan for effecting an exchange of prisoners, which the United States government, he said, had refused. The plan was to kidnap President Lincoln and carry him to Richmond. Surratt, after two days' reflection, informed Booth of his willingness to join in the plot, but such a thing as assassination, Surratt avers, was never spoken of by any of the party. Months passed before an opportunity was presented for attempting the capture. All arrangements were perfected, and boats were in readiness to carry them across the river.

One day they received information that the President would visit Seventh Street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of wounded soldiers.

The report reached them only about three-quarters of an hour before the time appointed, but so perfect was their communication that they were instantly in their saddles on the way to the hospital. This was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. It was their intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of their men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland, via Benning's bridge, over the Eastern branch of the Potomac. They felt confident that all the cavalry in Washington could never overtake them. They were mounted on swift horses, besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, it being determined to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits.

They depended for success upon the effectiveness of the blow and the celerity of their movements. To their great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but another of the government officials, Mr. Chase, he believed. They did not disturb him. This was their last attempt. A separation finally took place.

This scheme of abduction was concocted without the knowledge or the assistance of the Confederate government in any shape or form. Surratt left Washington on the 4th of April for New York, two days before Lincoln's death.

Surratt then proceeded to give an account of his movements North, and averring that he was as much surprised as any one when he heard—being in Elmira—of the assassination; but as he had been concerned in the abduction scheme, and therefore open to suspicion, he endeavored to avoid arrest.

Love in Fiction.

At first it surprises one that love should be made the principal staple of all the best kinds of fiction; and perhaps it is to be regretted that it is only one kind of love that is chiefly depicted in works of fiction. But that love itself is the most remarkable thing in human life there cannot be the slightest doubt. For see what it will conquer! It is not only that it prevails over selfishness, but it has the victory over weariness, tiresomeness, and familiarity. When you are with the person loved you have no sense of being wearied. This humble and trivial circumstance is the great test, the only sure and abiding test, of love. With the persons you do not love you are never supremely at your ease. You have some of the sensation of walking upon stilts. In conversation with them, however much you admire them and are interested in them, the horrid idea will cross your mind of "What shall I say next?" Converse with them is not perfect association. But with those you love the satisfaction in their presence is not unlike that of the relation of the heavenly bodies to one another, which, in their silent revolutions, lose none of their attractive power. The sun does not talk to the world, but it attracts it.

☞ An interesting instance of the loss of memory and its sudden recovery is given by one of our exchanges:—"A stranger entered a church in a certain city. The sexton showed him into a back seat near the door, under the gallery. There was no hymn-book in the pew, and when the people sang he could not join in it, for no one took any notice of the stranger in the back seat. But he says in his note to us, 'When the collection was taken up, the man in the back seat was remembered.'"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Dec. 17, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE GOOD OF IT.

Mr. Artemas Martin, our valued mathematical contributor, pays us the following compliment in his salutatory in the "*School-day Visitor Mathematical Almanac*:"—

The principal of an institution of learning in Pennsylvania, recently informed us that it was the problems published in the "SATURDAY EVENING POST," many years ago, that first awakened in him a thirst for knowledge; and we take this opportunity to acknowledge our own indebtedness to that paper.

Such statements as the above are pleasant reading for hard-worked editors.

OUR LETTERS.

Regina Cook, of Mount Gilead, Ohio, says:—

"I have taken THE POST for two years, and cannot do without it. I like the continued stories especially very much."

Mrs. H. H. F., of Mount Carmel, Ill., says:—

"The 'Lady's Friend' is a friend indeed, with its beautiful illustrations and useful receipts; and THE POST is a most welcome weekly visitor. I have taken both of them five years, and cannot make up my mind to do without them."

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, Dec. 7.—The town is full of rumors purporting that Paris will capitulate on the 10th instant. Heavy contractors are known to have prepared immense quantities of provisions to be despatched to Paris, and special contracts have been made for railway transportation.

The quarrel between Bismarck and the Crown Prince has broken out worse than ever.

A despatch from Berlin states that King William has accepted the title of "Emperor of Germany." There is immense enthusiasm at Berlin.

There are rumors of a great warlike feeling prevailing in Russia, and that notice has been given by the Emperor to the reserve corps to hold itself in readiness.

TOURS, Dec. 9.—The Army of the Loire has again started on a forward movement.

Official returns state that the Army of the Loire consisted of 300,000 men with 1,000 guns. In the engagements of the 2d and 4th only 60,000 French fought against 150,000 Germans.

The plan of campaign was devised by Gambetta, aided by Devere, a young officer of engineers, and was either not carried out by D'Aurelles, or the plan itself was fatally erroneous.

BERLIN, Dec. 7.—A despatch from the King to the Queen confirms the report that ten thousand prisoners, seventy-seven cannon and four gunboats were captured at Orleans. The King adds:—"Von Tinsted has carried Gidy, Jauney and Princes by storm, and Manteuffel occupied Rouen, after victorious encounters. Gaeden now holds the city. Eight heavy guns were found in the intrenchments.

LONDON, Dec. 10.—Advices received up to midnight, state that the army of the Loire is completely demoralised, and no longer an impediment in the way of the Prussians, who are pushing forward upon Tours by forced marches.

The greatest excitement and alarm prevails in the vicinity, as it is believed that the middle and eastern portion of France is now completely at the mercy of the enemy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS: The Plurality of Worlds Studied under the Light of Recent Scientific Researches. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B. A., F. R. A. S., author of "Saturn and its System," "Sun-views of the Earth," "Half-hours with the Telescope," etc. On many of the subjects dealt with in this work, the author has propounded views which differ from those usually accepted. But, as he himself says in the preface, "I have not done this from any love of novelty, nor from any desire to attract attention by *bizarre* or fanciful theories. Each of the new views here presented has been the result of a careful study of the subject dealt with, and I have searched as anxiously for considerations opposed to any novel theory as for arguments in its favor." Truth indeed seems to be the author's only object, and many new ideas may be gained from the book. The colored pictures of Jupiter and Saturn are beautiful. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE MONITIONS OF THE UNSEEN, AND POEMS OF LOVE AND CHILDHOOD. By JEAN INGELOW. Author's Edition. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. A pretty little book, though many of the poems fall below Miss Ingelow's original standard.

LOST IN THE FOG. By JAMES DE MILLE, author of "The B. O. W. C.," "The Boys of Grand Pre School," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is the third volume of the B. O. W. C. series, the two preceding numbers of which have been so popular. It seems to be, like the others, a most fascinating book for boys.

THE LAWS OF LIFE AND WOMAN'S HEALTH JOURNAL, for December. This comes out with a new title page and some very good articles inside. Published by Austin, Jackson & Co., Dansville, New York.

EVERY DAY. By the author of "Katherine Morris," "Striving and Gaining," etc. Published by Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE DEAD SECRET, and THE STOLEN MASK. Two Novels. By WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "Man and Wife," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW for December. Published by Fowler & Moon, Philada.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR MATHEMATICAL ALMANAC AND ANNUAL. Illustrated. The first volume of this annual presents a good appearance. The mathematical department contains articles and problems from the pens of several of the leading mathematicians of the country, and is edited by Mr. ARTEMAS MARTIN, well known as one of the ablest contributors of problems to our "Riddler Column." All problems, solutions, and other mathematical matter for the next year's Almanac should be sent to his address, McKean, Erie Co., Pa. Published by Daugaday & Becker, 1031 Walnut street, Philada. Price, post-paid, 35 cents.

OLD AND NEW, for December, contains "Wanted, A Statesman," by J. F. Clarke; "Athens and her Enemies," "Tarry at Home Travel," "The Holy Gospels," "The Improvisatore and the Heeler," "The Last Week," "Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle," "Sparrows," "Ah Ying," "Pink and White Tyranny," "December," "Natural and Revealed Religion," "Vintage," "The Dying Gladiator," "Forms," etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

GOOD WORDS, for December. American Reprint. Contains "Fernyhurst Court," "Lorraine and Alsace," "Letters from the Tropics," and other articles. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC, for 1871. This Almanac contains, exclusive of the actual Astronomical Calculations, a great variety of Statistics, Chronological Tables and useful matter. Published by A. Winch, No. 505 Chestnut street, Philada.

Burglaries Made Easy.

The recent manufacture of oxygen gas on a commercial scale, and the facility with which it can be compressed into cylinders, and transported from one place to another, has suggested its use for a purpose little anticipated. The thief in the night can place himself in front of a safe with his two cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, and, with an oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe, can, in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal that was ever invented. The only safety is in keeping the burglar out, for this fire-drill will in a few minutes work noiselessly a way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed. The interposition of solid stone between the sheets of metal might occasion some embarrassment, yet the lock can be easily burnt off, so as to expose its mechanism and thus enable the burglar to slide the bolts. "What next?" is the pertinent inquiry of the *Scientific American*, from which we take the above.

☞ There is a little railroad at Bayou Bern, Louisiana, that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A stranger came in the other day and inquired how often that steam car made trips to the country. The party interrogated said "tri-weekly." "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" The answer was, "It goes up one week and tries to come down the next."

☞ A good story is told of Anna Dickinson, which illustrates that a woman, however eminent, is a woman still. When she opened the "Boston Lyceum," she came promptly to the front of the platform at half-past seven, and quietly surveyed the audience without opening her mouth for several minutes. She did not sit down, although a chair had been provided for her. "Why didn't you sit down?" asked one of the managers. "*Do you suppose I was going to sit down in my new dress?*"

☞ The following method is said to preserve a bouquet bright and beautiful for at least a month. It is certainly worth a trial: Sprinkle it lightly with fresh water, and put it in a vase containing soap-suds. Each morning take the bouquet out of the suds, and lay it sideways in clean water; keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water. Replace it in the suds, and it will bloom as when first gathered. Change the suds every three or four days.

☞ A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all wept except one man; who, being asked why he did not weep with the rest, "Oh," said he, "I belong to another church."

The President's Message.

We give a summary of the more important portions of President Grant's recent Message to Congress. He says:—

It is to be regretted that a free exercise of the elective franchise has, by violence and intimidation, been denied to citizens in exceptional cases in several of the states lately in rebellion, and the verdict of the people has thereby been reversed. Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, have been restored to representation; and Georgia, the only state yet out, may expect to resume her old place at the commencement of the New Year. The President hopes that the work of reconstruction will then be completed, with the acquiescence of the whole people in the national obligation to pay the war debt.

The President says that as soon as he learned that the people of France had established a Republican Government in France, he directed Mr. Washburne to recognize it, and to congratulate France upon the event. Should the Republic prove a permanent success, it will be a subject of sincere gratification in America, and the President adds, that while we do not seek to impose our institutions upon foreign countries—and while we adhere to our traditional neutrality in civil contests elsewhere, we cannot feel indifferent to the spread of American political ideas in a great and highly civilized country like France.

He repeats his recommendation of the ratification of the treaty with San Domingo for the annexation of that Republic to the United States—and says that if it shall be abandoned, European nations will negotiate for a free port there. It is known to be their intention in any such event to establish a large commercial city in the Bay of Samana, to which we shall be tributary without receiving any corresponding benefits. The President argues at length in favor of the annexation of San Domingo as a question of great importance to our material and commercial interests.

The Mexican free belt has not only been continued, but it is proposed to extend it. In all that area in Mexico, right along our southern border, foreign imports are subject to no duties. The difficulty of protecting our own commercial interests against the smuggling of goods across the frontier is very great, and Congress is asked to take action in the matter.

The massacre of Christians at Tien-tsin, in China, is mentioned, and it is stated that the evidence shows complicity of the local authorities with the mob. Upon the suggestion of the President, the French and German governments, though at war, suspended hostilities in the East so as to act together with us in China for the protection of the lives and properties of Americans and Europeans.

As the British Government still refuses to accede to our demands in reference to the war claims, the President proposes that Congress shall authorize the appointment of a Commission to take proof of the amounts and ownership of these claims, on notice to the British envoy, and that such arrangements be made "so that the Government shall have the ownership of the private claims, as well as the responsible control of all the demands against Great Britain. It cannot be necessary to add that whenever her Majesty's Government shall entertain a desire for a full and friendly adjustment of these claims, the United States will enter upon their consideration with an earnest desire for a conclusion consistent with the honor and dignity of both nations."

During the past season the Canadian government has pursued an unfriendly course toward our fishermen. Vessels have been seized without notice or the customary reasonable warning, and the President charges that this was done for political effect upon this government. "The statutes of the Dominion of Canada assume a still broader and more untenable jurisdiction over the vessels of the United States. They authorize officers or persons to bring vessels hovering within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of Canada, into port to search the cargo, to examine the master on oath touching the cargo and voyage, and to inflict upon him a heavy pecuniary penalty if true answers are not given; and if such vessel is found preparing to fish within three marine miles of any such coasts, bays, creeks or harbors without a license, or after the expiration of the period named in the last license granted to it, they provide that the vessel, with her tackle, &c., shall be forfeited. It is not known that any condemnations have been made under this statute. Should the authorities of Canada attempt to enforce it, it will become my duty to take such steps as may be necessary to protect the rights of the citizens of the United States." As the arrests and seizures may be renewed next season, the President asks Congress to allow him to suspend the operation of the laws authorizing the transit in bond across our territory of goods destined for Canada. The Canadian government has also claimed a power to exclude our vessels from the navigation of the St. Lawrence, which, if it shall be acquiesced in, will give to foreign hands a monopoly of the commerce of the lakes with the Atlantic. The President argues this question at length, and cites precedents, and laws, and treaties against the Canadian claims.

The average value of gold as compared with currency in 1869 was 134, and in 1870 it is 115, showing a gradual return to the specie basis, upon which point the President dwells at some length. As regards revenue, the President says that there is no reason, if we persist in our present course, why in a few years the direct taxes may not be abolished, except the revenue stamps and the taxes on liquors and tobacco. If revenue reform means this, the President is in favor of it; but if it means the maintenance of the direct taxes and the reduction of the tariff on foreign goods, he is opposed to it. He is still more opposed to it, if it means a failure to provide the requisite revenue to meet our obligations. He says:—"Revenue reform has not been defined by any of its advocates to my knowledge, but seems to be accepted as something which is to supply every man's wants without any cost or effort on his part."

The civil service reform is endorsed and recommended by the President, as also is the further prosecution of reform in the Indian service, and a variety of other matters.

☞ A Yankee has recently invented a rat-exterminator, consisting of a sort of snuff. The animal is expected to jerk its head off at the third sneeze.

☞ Gloves are now made in England with a pocket on the inside of the palm, to suit the habit indulged in by the fair sex of carrying money in that position.

London "Toshers."

London is honey-combed with ten thousand miles of sewers. Not many years ago, the main ones leading down to the river-bank were kept open and were constantly threaded by rag-pickers, chiffonniers, rat-catchers, and searchers after valuables. The labors of the latter were frequently well rewarded. But owing to the sudden rising of the tides, the apertures were often closed, and the individuals in the sewers were frequently drowned or smothered to death. An ordinance was therefore passed prohibiting all persons except those employed as workmen from entering these main sewers. Hanging-doors were likewise attached to the mouths in such a manner as to open and shut with the rise and fall of the tides. Explorations of the lesser sewers through the city have not, however, been discontinued, and it is estimated that there are between two and three hundred persons who derive a livelihood by delving about among them. These men are known as "Toshers," and they pursue their avocations night and day. Watches, chains, rings, knives, old rope, iron—in fact, almost everything—are found by them. Kerwan, in his sketches of the English Metropolis, says that before entering upon their work, the sewer-hunters provide themselves with canvas trowsers, very thick of coarse, and a pair of old shoes or high-topped boots—the higher the legs, the better.

The coat may be of any material, only it must be of heavy fabric, and contain large side-pockets where articles may be crammed at will. "They carry a bag on their backs, and in their hands a pole seven or eight feet long, on one end of which is fastened a large iron hoe to rake up rubbish. Whenever they think the ground is unsafe or treacherous, they test it with the rake, and steady their steps with the staff. Should a sewer-hunter find himself sinking in a quagmire, he immediately throws out the long pole armed with the hoe, and seizes the first object in the sewer to hold himself up. In some places, had the searcher no pole he would sink, and the more he tried to extricate his person, the deeper he would imbed his body." These "Toshers" carry lanterns so constructed as to throw a light a long distance. Frequently they become lost, and their remains are afterward found by their companions. The articles which they collect in their bags are sold to jewellers and keepers of junk-shops.

One old man who has followed this business for over twenty years, has amassed a moderate-sized fortune. Though he has an abundance for himself and family, he still continues his avocations, preferring to spend his time in the labyrinth of sewers to enjoying ease and comfort at home. On one occasion, he was attacked by a large number of rats, and would have been killed by them had not a companion hastened to his rescue, and assisted in driving them away. In describing the combat to Mr. Kerwan, the old chiffonnier said: "You may be sure I hollowed and yelled, for I wasn't used to these vermin then, and the more I hollowed and beat them, the more they squealed and bit me. In a few moments, Steve came running back with his lantern, and seeing I was down and couldn't get up (having slipped into a sink-hole,) he drove at the rats with his pole, and killed half a dozen of them, and then they left me and jumped at him. Then we went at it for a couple of minutes, battling for our lives—and when we did beat them off, we were bitten all over our bodies. I am sure, if it warn't for Steve and his lantern that time, I should have been eaten up by the rats. You see, sir, thy thought, when I stumbled and fell, that I attacked them, for I found out since that they never begin first if they can help it."

A good many of these "Toshers" devote themselves entirely to rat-catching. They are, however, specially armed and equipped to battle with the rats, in case the latter show fight. Their skins are sold for gloves, and their bodies are eagerly devoured by the half-famished class. Many attempts have been made to explore the sewers of New York for valuables. These efforts have never, however, been attended with much if any success. Some time since, a highly sensational story was published, to the effect that two Jerseymen had collected, as the result of several weeks of labor among our sewers, two bushels of jewelry and other valuables. But there seems to have been little or no foundation for the story. And yet were the contents of the New York sewers and drains to be overhauled, they would unquestionably yield a vast pile of valuables. The number of diamonds, rings, breastpins, and other valuables which have found their way through gratings, sinks, closets, and other avenues to the sewers would, could they be recovered, gratify the most craving desires for worldly treasure.—*Hearth and Home.*

Fallacies About Women.

The cultivation of respect and courtesy toward our fair betrayers is to be most highly commended and enforced, but we claim in this article to assault certain feeble prejudices in favor of women which have their foundation upon romantic rigmarole. For instance, where is there a greater fallacy than in the belief that women weigh nothing? Yet in romance, even of this modern day, we read constantly of heroes magnanimously rushing off with fainting maidens from blazing houses, or more feloniously "carting" them on their shoulders for purposes of revengeful abduction. Let any one out of training, or under six feet of height, and with proportionate strength, attempt to run away with a fairly well-composed girl of eighteen or twenty, and give us his opinion of the prowess of these vaunted knights. A woman weighing one hundred and forty pounds weight of kicking womanhood is not to be carried at all. Even a slight girl will weigh a hundred pounds, and Rudolph or Horatio will stagger under her lovely but cumbersome figure if he break out of a *staccato* walk.

There are plenty of buxom girls who weigh up to a hundred and seventy pounds, and it is not given to every man to "hurry off" with such a baggage. When the victimized Squallina faints on the stage, the robust baritone takes care that the *evanouissement* shall be accomplished as close to the wing as possible. He knows what La Squallina weighs by the sad experience of rehearsals. Let any of our readers carry his sister up three flights of stairs without stopping, and forward to us his sentiments on the occasion. Women weigh a good many pounds now-a-days, and their airiness of fabrication is a fallacy.

Another popular belief is that women eat nothing. It is, of course, conceded that they sustain life by the consumption of some article of nourishment, but eating in the wholesale acceptation of the word is supposed to be foreign to female nature. This fallacy is founded and sustained by women themselves, who, during the affected period of their lives, cultivate small appetites as being *comme il faut* and a sign of semi-angelic construction. When this pernicious nonsense is conscientiously carried out, the results upon the would-be angels are squalor, red noses, certain loss of vigor, general limpidness, and some other unpleasant *sequelæ*. But, as a rule, the smallest appetites at the fashionable tables are exhibited by those shrewd girls whose natural and healthy wants have been thoroughly appeased by secret stuffing. Need we refer our readers to the historical poem concerning Violante in the pantry, gnawing of a mutton bone, or remind them how she gnawed it, how she clawed it, when she found herself *alone?* All this is a direct deceit, however, practiced upon unsophisticated old bachelors, who, when they have made the dainty creatures theirs, find out by the butcher's book and the coular proof what sturdy trencher-women they have married. Watch a healthy girl at supper, during the intervals of dancing; she consumes by instalments four times as much as her partner, and seems, and is, none the worse for it. Our experience tells us that women eat, in proportion to their weight, as much as men, and are no more fairies in this respect than in the matter of weight.

☞ Female pickpockets all wear the convenient Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

☞ At the late term of court at Belfast, Frank Sylvester, of Lincolnville, aged about 19 years, who plead guilty to larceny of clothing, was sentenced to two years in the State Prison. What is singular about the case is, that he actually stole the clothing in order to be sent to the State Prison that he might learn a trade. A result of the Trade Union's selfish rule respecting apprentices, probably.

☞ An Illinois Postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date everybody must lick their own postage stamps—for my tongue's given out."

☞ The Bloomingdale, New York, Deaf and Dumb Asylum, having five hundred inmates, has recently lost one hundred and sixty-two by death from typus fever.

☞ The President's Message, containing 9,085 words, was sent to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, over ten wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company in 37½ minutes, actual time employed, or at the average rate of 35 words per minute on each wire, including all "breaks" or incidental delays.

☞ A report comes from Paris that the supply of tobacco is running short. This is a dreadful prospect for the French soldier. He will submit to great deprivations, to coarse bread, and little of it; but he wants his coffee badly, and his tobacco is essential.

☞ The mass of mankind refuse to do their own thinking, and therefore either must be content to be ruled by the small fraction who think for them, or, which is often the case, force their leaders to do what is foolish, intemperate and absurd.

☞ Horace Greeley says:—"I doubt whether the social intolerance of adverse opinions is more vehement anywhere else than throughout the larger portion of our country. I have repeatedly been stung by the receipt of letters gravely informing me that my course and views on a current topic were adverse to public opinion; the writers evidently assuming, as a matter of course, that I was a mere jumping-jack, who only needed to know what other people thought to insure my instant and abject conformity to their prejudices."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $4,50@5, for superfine; $4,75@5,50 for extra; $5,50@6,50 for Northwest family; $6@6,50 for Penna family; $6,25@7 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7,50@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5@5,12½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—50,000 bus sold at $1,40@1,45 for good to prime Indiana red, 1,38@1,43 for Ohio red, $1,45@1,49 for Western amber, $1,15@1,37 for Penna red, $1,12@1,30 for Delaware red, and $1,50@1,60 ₩ bus for white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 95@95c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus at 72@73c for new yellow, 69@72c for new Western mixed, 71@72 for new white, and 76@80c ₩ bus for old. Oats—Sales of 60,000 bus at 50c for black, 53@54c for mixed, and 55@56c for white. Barley—9000 bus two-rowed New York sold at 80@85c and 4000 bus four-rowed New York at $1@1,05.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $21,50@22; clear at $22, and extra prime at $16. Mess Beef at $20,50@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 17@18c; Excelsior hams at 20c; sides at 16c, and shoulders at 14c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13½@15c; sides at 12c, and shoulders, in salt, at 7½@8c for new. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 13@13½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@33c ₩ lb. Eggs—Sales at 33@34c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 15@16c ₩ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 15½@15¾c ₩ lb for upland and 16@16¼c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $25 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₩ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@7¼c for Apples, and 9@9½c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@2 ₩ bbl. Cranberries sell at $9@12 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,30; mixed, 90c@$1; Straw, 1,10@1,15.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $21@22; No 2 is quoted at $20,50@22. Bar Iron sells at $75@77,50 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $22 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—3000 bus sold, at 10½@10¾c ₩ lb. Timothy is quoted at $4,75@5. Flaxseed at $2.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2450 head. The prices realized from 8½@9½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—16,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₩ lb. 5500 Hogs sold at from $9,00 to 9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have had one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in use fourteen years, during which time I have worked constantly on it, and it has never cost one cent for repairs, for it has never been out of repair."—*E. A. Page, Keene, N. H.*

A New and Healthful Article of Food.

The SEA MOSS FARINE, manufactured from Irish Moss, by the Rand Sea Moss Farine Co., has been placed on our table at different times, and proves to be one of the best, most nutritious and easily-digested of all the farinas now in use. It is palatable to the taste, is lighter and less compact than any other farina, and hence better adapted to weak stomachs, to dyspeptics, to invalids, and all persons of frail constitutions. In cases where tapioca, sago, barley, corn starch, maizena and similar articles are beneficial, the Sea Moss Farine is not only a substitute, but has advantages which neither of them possess, because the main ingredient of the moss has been considered by medical men for many years as having invaluable remedial properties. It is particularly recommended for pectoral affections, scrofulous complaints, diarrhœa, &c.—*Editor Hall's Journal of Health.*

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1871, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected.—Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world.

dec3-3t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*

nov26-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try It. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 34 Front St., New York.

oct1-tf

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL CHARMING. 60 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men or animals at will; how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Dreams and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1.25, paper covers $1. NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work *free.* As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10cts. for postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

nov19-6teow.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. JACOB LECHLER to Miss KATE F. KAUFFMAN, both of this city.

On the 30th of Oct., by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. JOHN S. BALDWIN to Miss LIZZIE SUFFLEE, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HENRY L. BRADEN to Miss LIZZIE LANAMAN, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., GEORGE E. DISNEY to EMMA M. BACHMAN, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. IRWIN HAMILTON to Miss ELIZA MEA, both of this city.

On the 29th of Oct., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOHN E TURNER to Miss KATE B. ENGLISH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Reesville, on the 16th of August, SARAH WILLIAMSON, wife of Cheyney Williamson, in her 71st year.

On the 5th instant, THEODORE BACHMAN, in his 20th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM BARRIGER, late of Bristol, Pa.

On the 5th instant, SARAH D., wife of Edward A. Price, in her 28th year.

On the 4th instant, Miss CATHARINE in her 81st year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. LOUISA WOODWARD, in her 87th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH MOORE, in her 83th year.

On the 3d instant, CRAIG D. GARRISON, aged 26 years.

On the 3d instant, CAROLINE ROBERTS, in her 66d year.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new

STORY BY MRS. WOOD,

Author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c., &c.

We will announce the title, and time of publication, hereafter.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers. Those who speak of her as a merely "sensational" writer, simply have caught up a parrot cry, and show their utter ignorance of her works.

Early in January, we design commencing a

STORY OF ADVENTURE,

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 8th, which contains the beginning of Leonie's Mystery, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

We have a goodly supply of back numbers still on hand.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms:

One copy (and a Premium Steel Engraving)	$2.50
2 copies,	4.00
4 "	8.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of The Post and one of The Lady's Friend,	4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive one of the large Steel-Plate Premium Engravings—and for Clubs of 5 and over both a Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

Our last Premium Engraving is "The Sisters"—a perfect Gem. The others are "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," and "One of Life's Happy Hours." Either of these engravings will be sent, as desired. If no directions are given, "The Sisters" will be sent.

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish a Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish them for *two dollars*. All these engravings are done on Steel—they are not wood-cuts or lithographs.

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "The Sisters," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter-up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of The Post, (or of The Lady's Friend) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to The Lady's Friend who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c.

—See terms on the second page of this paper.

FROM HIS PLAY.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

I read in a blotted letter
  A sorrowful page to-day!
It tenderly told of a darling child
  Suddenly caught from his play!
Climbing the moment and shouting,
  The next—a slip and a fall:
They bore him home to his mother:
  He died—and that was all!

All! It is said so often,
  And yet I comprehend
Somewhat of your depth of darkness,
  O sorely stricken friend!
As I think with a chill foreboding,
  How blank this world would be
If the wing of the desolate angel
  Should bear my boy from me.

Yet, sweet, let it soothe your sorrow,
  That not by the bridge of pain
Your little one crossed the river,
  And stood on the shining plain:
That you keep no moan of anguish
  In your thought of the gleeful boy,
But the ring of his musical laughter,
  A very peal of joy!

One quivering breath, and the eyelids
  Drooped over the deep blue eyes,
That opened a moment later,
  In the flash of a sweet surprise!
For surely this was the city
  With crystal walls of light,
And that was the sea of jasper,
  Where never falleth night.

His mother had told him often,
  In the pauses of her song,
While over him in the evening light
  Would soft dream shadows throng,
How the other side of the sunset,
  In wonderful light serene,
More beautiful than the morning,
  There lay a world unseen,

Where the pilgrims, great or little,
  Who walk this earth of ours,
Should rest them under the tree of light,
  Amid unfading flowers;
Where waited the loving Jesus,
  Who heard his lisping prayer,
To gather the wee ones in his arms,
  And bid them welcome there.

So it was not like a stranger,
  Sure not of right nor of way,
The dear one felt when he found himself
  At home on that sudden day;
For borne by a swift translation
  To the Master's feet above,
The Master himself would teach him soon
  The perfect lore of love.

As I linger over your letter,
  Tear-stained, I seem to see
That house bereft, where a heartache
  For many a month shall be!
Where the silence strains to listen
  For a step that nevermore
Shall bound in its thoughtless freedom
  Across the desolate floor!

But I gaze beyond the waters
  That ripple at my feet,
And far and far through the autumn sky,
  So strangely still and sweet,
And I think how well had it been for some
  Who wearily work alway,
If Heaven had stooped to lift them up
  From their brief, bright childhood's play!

Great Girls.

Nothing is more distinctive among women than the difference of relative age between them. Two women of the same number of years will be substantially of different epochs of life—the one faded in person, wearied in mind, fossilized in sympathy; the other fresh both in face and feeling, with sympathies as broad and keen as they were when she was in her first youth, and perhaps even more so; with a brain still as receptive, a temper still as easy to be amused, as ready to love, as quick to learn, as when she emerged from the school-room to the drawing-room. The one you suspect of understating her age by half a dozen years or more when she tells you she is not over forty; the other makes you wonder if she has not overstated hers by just so much when she laughingly confesses to the same age. The one is an old woman who seems as if she had never been young, the other "just a great girl yet," who seems as if she would never grow old; and nothing is equal between them but the number of days each has lived.

This kind of woman, so fresh and active, so intellectually as well as emotionally alive, is never anything but a girl; never loses some of the sweetest characteristics of girlhood. You see her first as a young wife and mother, and you imagine she has left the school-room for about as many months as she has been married years. Her face has none of that untranslatable expression, that look of robbed bloom, which experience gives; in her manner is none of the preoccupation so observable in most young mothers, whose attention never seems wholly given to the thing on hand, and whose hearts seem always full of a secret care or an unimparted joy. Brisk and airy, braving all weathers, ready for any amusement, interested in the current questions of history or society, by some wonderful faculty of organizing seeming to have all her time to herself, as if she had no house cares and no nursery duties, yet these somehow not neglected, she is the very ideal of a happy girl roving through life as through a daisy-field, on whom sorrow has not yet laid its hand, and to whose lot has fallen no Dead Sea apple. And when one hears her name and style for the first time as a matron, and sees her with two or three sturdy little fellows hanging about her slender neck and calling her mamma, one feels as if nature had somehow made a mistake, and our slim and simple-mannered damsel had only made believe to have taken up the serious burdens of life, and was nothing but a great girl after all.

Grown older she is still the great girl she was ten years ago, if her type of girlishness is a little changed and her gayety of manner a little persistent. But even now, with a big boy at Eton, and a daughter whose presentation is not so far off, she is younger than her staid and melancholy sister, her junior by many years, who has gone in for the Immensities and the Worship of Sorrow, who thinks laughter the sign of a vacant mind, and that to be interesting and picturesque a woman must be mournful and have a defective digestion. Her sister looks as if all that makes life worth living for lay behind her, and only the grave beyond; she, the great girl, with her bright face and even temper, believes that her future will be as joyous as her present, as innocent as her past, as full of love, and as purely happy.

She has known some sorrows truly, and she has gained experience such as comes only through the reading of the heart-strings; but nothing that she has passed through has seared or soured her, and if it has taken off just the lighter edge of her girlishness it has left the core as bright and cheery as ever. She is generally of the style called "elegant," and wonderfully young in mere physical appearance. Perhaps sharp eyes might spy out here and there a little silver thread among the soft brown hair; and when fatigued or set in a cross light, lines not quite belonging to the teens might be traced about her eyes and mouth, but in favorable conditions, with her graceful figure advantageously draped, and her fair face flushed and animated, she looks a great girl, no more, and she feels as she looks. It is well for her if her husband is a wise man, and more proud of her than jealous, for he must submit to see her admired by all the men who know her, according to their individual manner of expressing admiration; but as purity of nature and singleness of heart belong to her qualification for great girlishness, he has no cause for alarm, and she is as safe with Don Juan as with St. Anthony.

These great girls, being middle-aged matrons, are often seen in the country; and one of the things which most strike a Londoner, is the abiding youthfulness of this kind of matron. She has a large family, the elders of which are grown up, but she has lost none of the beauty for which her youth was noted, though it is now a different kind of beauty; and she has still the air and manners of a girl. She blushes easily, is shy and sometimes apt to be a little awkward, though always sweet and gentle; she knows very little of real life and less of its vices; she is pitiful to sorrow, affectionate to her friends, who, however, are few in number, and strongly attached to her own family; she has no theological doubts, no scientific proclivities, and the conditions of society and the family do not perplex her; she thinks Darwinism and the protoplasm dangerous innovations, and the doctrine of Free Love, with Mrs. Cady Stanton's development, is something too shocking for her to talk about; she lifts her calm, clear eyes in wonder at the wild proceedings of the shrieking sisterhood, and cannot for the life of her make out what all this tumult means, and what the women want. For herself, she has no doubts whatever, no moral uncertainties. The path of duty is as plain to her as the words of the Bible, and she loves her husband to well to wish to be his rival, or to desire an individualized existence. She is his wife, she says; and that seems more satisfactory to her than to be herself a somebody in the full light of notoriety, with him in the shade as her appendage. If she is inclined to be intolerant to any one, it is to those who seek to disturb the existing state of things, or whose speculations unsettle men's minds; those who, as she thinks, entangle the sense of that which is clear and straightforward enough if they would but leave it alone, and by their love of iconoclasm run the risk of destroying more than idols. But she is intolerant only because she believes that when men put forth false doctrines, they put them forth for a bad purpose, and to do intentional mischief. Had she not this simple faith, which no philosophic questionings have either enlarged or disturbed, she would not be the great girl she is; and what she would have gained in catholicity she would have lost in freshness. For herself, she has no self-asserting power, and would shrink from any kind of public action; but she likes to visit the poor, and is sedulous, in the matter of tracts and flannel petticoats, vexing the souls of the sterner, if wiser, guardians and magistrates by her generosity, which they affirm only encourages idleness and creates pauperism. She cannot see it in that light. Charity is one of the cardinal virtues of Christianity, and accordingly charitable she will be, in spite of all that political economists will say. She belongs to her family, they do not belong to her; and you seldom hear her say "I went" or "I did," it is always "we;" which, though a small point, is a significant one, showing how little she holds to anything like an isolated individuality, and how entirely she feels a woman's life to belong to and be bound up in her home relations. She is romantic too, and has her dreams and memories of early days; when her eyes grow moist as she looks at her husband, the first and only man she ever loved, and the past seems to be only part of the present. The experience which she must needs have had, serves only to make her more gentle, more pitiful, than the ordinary girl, who is naturally inclined to be a little hard; and of all her household she is the kindest and the most intrinsically sympathetic. She keeps up her youth for the children's sake, she says, and they love her more like an elder sister than the traditional mother. They never think of her as old, for she is their constant companion, and can do all that they do. She is fond of exercise, is a good walker, an active climber, a bold horsewoman, and a great promoter of pic-nics and open-air amusements. She looks almost as young as her eldest daughter in a cap and with covered shoulders; and her sons have a certain playfulness in their pride and love for her which makes them more her brothers than her sons. Some of them are elderly men before she has ceased to be a great girl; for she keeps her youth to the last by virtue of a clear conscience, a pure mind, and a loving nature. She is wise, too, in her generation, and takes care of her health by means of active habits, fresh air, cold water, and a sparing use of medicines and stimulants; and if the dear soul is proud of anything it is of her figure, which she keeps trim and elastic to the last, and of the clearness of her skin, which no heated rooms have soddened, no accustomed strong waters have rendered clouded or bloated.

☞ To become a vivandiere has of late been all the rage amongst pretty Parisiennes. Mademoiselle Massin, a charming actress, prodigiously *chic*, in the most exquisite of *Fille-du-Regiment* toilettes, marches at the head of her battalion of National Guards.

☞ The Superior Court of Cincinnati has decided that a wife has a vested right in her husband's society and companionship, and can maintain an action for damages for the loss thereof. While one would suppose that the society of a man who voluntarily absented himself from his wife could not be worth much to her, according to this court, those who entice away and harbor any such recreant husband are liable to the wife for all damages.

Life Sustainers.

The greatest benefactor humanity could have would be the man who could make known the way to live without eating and drinking, who could put starvation among the impossibilities, and make "fasting girls" honest realities of nature. Failing the arrival of this desirable personage, who can hardly be expected upon this side of the millennium, we must give a due share of the blessings we should bestow upon him, to the man who teaches us how to subsist when food is out of reach, and how to put off the uncomfortable consequences of insufficient alimentation. But we have to thank not one man but several men. It is twenty years since a French observer pointed out that the Belgian miners worked harder than those of his own country, though they fed not nearly so well,—not eating an average man's daily allowance. The secret was found to lie in their free indulgence in coffee: they each drank about two quarts a day. Disbelief met this announcement. Ten years later another doctor declared that he had kept a young man in working vigor for a week upon a daily allowance of about an ounce and a half of coffee. Ten years from the date of this essay brings us to 1870, when we find one physician in Smyrna, and another in France trying upon themselves the sustaining effects of the roasted berry and its stimulating decoctions. From both quarters confirmatory results are reported. The Frenchman extended his experiments to tea and cocoa: the steps of his inquiry we need not follow, suffice it to say that they led him to the conviction that a man might live and conserve all his bodily powers for many months upon a daily allowance of an ounce and a quarter of the following mixture infused in a palatable quantity of water:—Ten parts of cocoa-powder, five each of coffee and sugar, and two of tea. The cocoa and sugar might be eaten if preferred. Clearly this is the food material that ought to be laid in store by citizens anticipating a siege. Animals may take it as beneficially as men; a dog lived well for a week upon a short daily ration of a nearly similar mixture, while a second dog of like size and breed famished upon a corresponding allowance of bread and butter. Did not Bruce in his Abyssinian travels encounter tribes who lived through long journeys on coffee grounds, made up into pellets with butter?

The Anaconda of Trinidad.

That there were Anacondas about the place, possibly within fifty yards of the house, there was no doubt. One of our party had seen with his own eyes one of seven-and-twenty feet long killed, with a whole kid inside it, only a few miles off. The brown policeman, crowing an arm of the Gunnapo only a month or two before, had been frightened by meeting one in the ford, which his excited imagination magnified so much that its head was on the one bank while its tail was on the other, a measurement which must, I think, be divided at least by three. But in the very spot in which we stood happened, some four years since, what might have been a painful tragedy. Four young ladies, whose names were mentioned to me, preferred, not wisely, a bathe in the still lagoon to one in the surf outside; and as they disported themselves, one of them felt herself seized from behind. Fancying that one of her sisters was playing tricks, she called out to her to let her alone; and looking up, saw, to her astonishment, her three sisters sitting on the bank, and herself alone. She looked back, and shrieked for help; and only just in time, for the snake had her. The other three girl, to their honor, dashed in to her assistance. The brute had luckily got hold, not of her poor little body, but of her bathing-dress, and held on stupidly. The girls pulled; the bathing-dress, which was luckily of thin cotton, was torn off; the Anaconda slid back again with it in his mouth into the dark labyrinth of the mangrove-roots, and the girl was saved. Two minutes' delay, and his coils would have been round her, and all would have been over.

The sudden daring of these lazy and stupid animals is very great. The brain seems to act like that of the alligator, paroxysmally and by rare fits and starts, lying for hours motionless as if asleep. But when excited, they will attempt great deeds. Dr. De Verteuil tells a story—and, if he tells it, it must be believed—of some hunters who wounded a deer. The deer ran for the stream down a bank; but the hunters had no sooner heard it splash into the water than they heard it scream. They leaped down to the place, and found it in the coils of an Anaconda, which they killed with the deer. And yet this snake, which had dared to seize the full-grown deer, could have had no hope of eating her; for it was only seven feet long.—*Kingsley's Letters from the Tropics.*

Daughters.

An intelligent writer says:—"It is not possible to over-estimate the advantages which would result from men in trades and professions allowing their daughters some participation in the work of their daily lives. What girls want is a larger observation of the world, and a deeper knowledge of human nature. . . There are few of our merchants and manufacturers and professional men who could not largely avail themselves of the services of their educated and competent daughters; and if such services could be rendered generally available, it is not too much to say that a wider and more fertile social life would arise for mankind. Men's occupations would in no sense be prejudiced, whilst women would at once find that outlet for their faculties for which many of them have been so long striving. A certain responsibility would increase their self-reliance. A capacity for earning would remove their sense of dependence; a definite occupation would bring both health and cheerfulness; and the larger experiences of life would give force and completeness to their mental character."

Do Not Run Much From Home.

One's own heart is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then fails away like a snow wreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another. Lavish not all your love on to-day—for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Consider, ye daughters, what the word *wife* expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his pantry. His honor and his home are in her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, ye sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

THE SERGEANT OF THE FIFTIETH.

Out of blackened clouds of powder
  Gazed the moon upon the sight;
Where had rolled the battle's thunder,
  Ere the coming of the night,
An old sergeant of the Fiftieth
  To his general made report:
"Present four; and I; all wounded;
  Praised be God, we hold the fort!"

Weak and trembling were his accents,
  For his blood was almost spent,
But the general asked him, gruffly,
  What this foolish trifling meant;
Where his company was quartered.
  Turning to his comrades four,
He made answer: "Pardon, General;
  Shot and shell have left no more.

"These the mitrailleuse has spared us,
  Five poor wounded, these alone;
Sharp and fierce the shock of battle,
  But the enemy are gone!"
"Then return to your battalion,
  Comrade brave, the general said.
"Pardon, General; here you see them,
  On the crimson sod are laid

All the rest." The general murmured,
  Gnawing at his moustache gray,
"Sorely my poor boys are beaten,
  Cursed be their task to-day!
Still we took those murderous cannon;
  To your regiment repair."
With low voice, replied the sergeant,
  "Pardon, General, they are here."

Seizing with his hand the sergeant's,
  Tears dissolved the general's pride.
"God avert more such misfortunes!"
  In a quivering voice he cried;
"Friends, the Eagle which we followed
  And the flag, are they lost, too?"
"Never!" and the bloody tatters
  From his breast the soldier drew!

A Wise Mother.

When I was a girl, my mother taught me every variety of domestic work, leading me on from simple to difficult processes in this manner: "My daughter," she would say, "now if you will make this skirt very nicely, you shall make next a shirt for your father, and he shall know that every stitch was set by your fingers." How eager I was to learn the mysteries of shirt-making, and how patiently my mother taught me to set the stitches in the bosom, to baste in the gussets, to stroke the gathers! How many button-holes I worked on odd scraps of muslin before she could quite trust me to make those in the bosom and wristbands! But that shirt was my apprenticeship to the needle, and since then dress-making, millinery, tailoring even, has had no terrors in my imagination, for if I could make a shirt well, I could learn to make everything. In the same way, she stimulated my industry and ambition in culinary matters. "When you have learned to wash and wipe the dishes very nicely," she would say; "I will let you make some biscuit." Then I was permitted to rise a step higher, to the dignity of bread-making, the concoction of cake and pies. I really thought in those days that I loved to do house-work, to cook and sweep and iron, but since then I have found out that 'twas my mother's admirable management that made pastime of drudgery.

The Value of a Scrap-Book.

Every one who takes a newspaper, which he in the least degree appreciates, will often regret to see any one number thrown aside for waste paper which contains some interesting and important articles. A good way to preserve these is by the use of a scrap-book. One who has never been accustomed thus to preserve short articles, can hardly estimate the pleasure it affords to sit down and turn over the familiar pages. Here a choice piece of poetry meets the eye, which you remember you were so glad to see in the paper, but which you would long since have lost had it not been for your scrap-book. There is a witty anecdote—it does you good to laugh over it yet, though for the twentieth time. Next is a valuable receipt you had almost forgotten, and which you have found just in time to save much perplexity. There is a sweet little story, the memory of which has cheered and encouraged you many a time when almost ready to despair under the pressure of life's cares and trials. Indeed, you hardly take up a single paper without perusing it. Just glance over the sheet before you, and see how many valuable items it contains that would be of service to you a hundred times in life. A choice thought is far more precious than a bit of glittering gold. Hoard with care the precious gems, and see at the end of a year what a rich treasure you have accumulated.

Spread the Manure.

We notice in travelling about the country that many farmers have dumped the manure in heaps where it is evidently intended for top-dressing, and that it still lies there. Our readers know very well that we have not unfrequently alluded to this practice to condemn it as bad economy in many respects. It fails to a great degree to accomplish the purpose for which it was carted out. If allowed to remain there all winter a large part of its goodness will be gone before it reaches the grass for which it was intended. It ought to be spread in the fall, and then the land will get all the goodness it contains. If you have neglected to spread the heaps, therefore we advise you to hurry up and spread it before it is too late. We saw these heaps dotting over many acres in the course of a little trip last week and wondered what the farmers who left them there were thinking of. Spread them now if you can. If not take advantage of the first thaw.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

The Barbarism of War.

King Louis, the father of the Emperor Napoleon, thus wrote in one of his letters:—"I have been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one after a victory, but I confess that even the sight of a field of battle has not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick; and now that I am advanced in life I cannot understand, any more than I could at fifteen years, how beings that call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as gently as possible, but, on the contrary, in endeavoring to destroy each other, as if time did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years, I still think; war, which society draws upon itself, is but an organized barbarism, and an inheritance of the savage state, however disguised or ornamented."

DWELLERS IN TENTS.

A while on earth we roam,
In these frail houses which are not our home,
Journeying toward a refuge that is sure,—
A rest secure.

Only a little while
We dread the frown of life, and court its smile,
A dwelling then we have, not made with hands,
In other lands.

Therefore, we need not mourn
That sudden clouds across our skies are borne,
That winter chills us, and the storm makes rents
In our frail tents.

Therefore we need not fear,
Though moth and rust corrupt our treasure here;
Though midnight thieves creep in with silent stealth
To seize our wealth.

For, in our Father's house,
A mansion fair He has prepared for us;
And only till His voice shall call us hence
We dwell in tents.

Lessons from China.

Hear what an intelligent man, a native of one of the most careful nations on earth in material matters says of the Chinese, that agglomeration of five hundred millions, which we, in our pride, regard as half civilized. M. Simon, consul of France in China, gave the Acclimatization Society of Paris a sketch of his observations and experiences in the latter country, and recounted some traits of character of much interest. China possesses no meadow land except in the extreme north, and Mongolia abounds in cattle, but it is not easy to bring them eight or nine hundred leagues to feed the south; so that the Chinese have to look elsewhere for their supplies. Fresh water fish, of which we take so little account, forms one great element of food; the Chinese have for centuries made the breeding and preservation of fish an occupation of the highest importance; the rivers, rivulets, lakes, and canals, which abound in two-thirds of the country, swarm with fish, and it is almost impossible to form a notion of the fecundity which ages of care have brought about; fishing is going on everywhere, not only in streams, lakes, and canals of all dimensions, but in the ditches of the rice fields, and even in pools of rain water; indeed, there are some kinds of fish that multiply so rapidly that they spawn twice a month. The Chinese use nets of all kinds, and ground lines, and also employ the cormorant to aid in the taking of fish; it forms the every-day food of at least three hundred and fifty millions of the inhabitants, and the supply never fails; a self-evident fact, when we know that ordinary fish costs only about two cents per pound in China, and that the most delicate kind is only worth from ten to twelve cents. But if fish is the common, it is not the only animal food of this people; for the pig, the duck, and the fowl are also grand resources. Pork has become such an important article of food, that it is dearer than beef, although the latter is scarcer; as to ducks, they may be seen by flocks of many thousands on the waters, where they are preserved with much care. Children seated in little canoes guard them, but the drakes lead them to and from the water, watch them from the shore, and recall them with a peculiar cry, which the young ducklings seem perfectly to understand. Ducks form an important article of trade, and when dried and pressed between two boards, like plants in an herbarium, they are sent all over the empire. Dogs of a peculiar breed, and even rats, are prepared in the same way for the poorer classes. Sheep and goats come next to the pig, duck, and fowl in importance; as to game, it is so plentiful, by preservation, no doubt, that a small cart-load is not worth more than about $1 25 in the capital.

The basis of Chinese food is, however, vegetable, and when we remember that from four hundred to five hundred millions of Chinese live in a country not more than four or five times larger than France, which has not a tenth part of the population, it is easy to form an idea of the pitch to which cultivation has been carried. There are from seventy to eighty kinds of vegetable substances grown in China, twenty-five of which at least are produced as food. Rice is the most important of all, and the pains that are taken in its cultivation are extraordinary; in order to supply the rice-grounds with water, enormous mountains have been pierced, immense lakes excavated; the waters of rivers and small streams are carefully retained, and turned into small canals and ditches, which surround and intersect the fields in every direction. M. Simon says he believes the world never saw a greater or more admirable work than that vast system of irrigation which from the west of China to the sea, places all the water under the hands of the farmer and gardener. Not only rice, but every kind of crop is cultivated with the utmost pains. The result is magnificent; the yield of rice is nearly five tons per acre, and that of other crops in proportion. Labor alone, even with the most complete irrigation, would not yield such a result; the secret is in the application of manure; every atom of refuse is returned to the land in China, and, where the supply is small, it is made up from the sea. Without any great science, the Chinese have established a complete system of manuring in which nothing is lost, and faecal matter of all kinds, decayed vegetables, bones, lime, oyster-shells, fish, and sea-weed are used up. They have a dozen recognized methods of preparing manure according to the soil, the crop, and other circumstances; they are not very fastidious, and the smells in the villages and towns are not agreeable; but the grand problem is solved, of employing the entire refuse of hundreds of millions of people—with immense labor, it is true, but with great profit also—in the production of food. So complete is the system, that the manure is carried in barges, and in pails along on bamboos wherever it is wanted, often to great distances.

In the use of fuel the Chinese show the same economy; with a few pounds of dry vegetable matter, which does not cost a cent per pound, they will cook a meal for a whole family.

We boast of our science, our industry, our wealth; but how long will it take us to arrive at a state of economy which has existed throughout the Chinese Empire during so many centuries?

A Real Ghost.

A young man residing in this city, one evening recently went out for a stroll with the fair enslaver of his affections. After awhile the pair found themselves near one of the cemeteries, where they seated themselves on a large stone by the roadside—the young gentleman disposed his coat-sleeve so as to protect the lady's belt from being injured by the falling dew, and they became happily oblivious to the world and the flight of time, fancying themselves in Paradise until their senses were recalled to earth by the sound of the Old North clock striking midnight.

At that moment a terrible apparition presented itself from the neighboring burial-ground—the tall, shadowy figure of a human being—a man, with gleaming eyes and hair on end, clothed in spotless white, with ghastly countenance, and gliding noiselessly over the frosted ground.

The unhappy pair of mortals shrank into the smallest possible compass, hoping that the dread spectre might pass on his evil errand without molesting them; but the shade advanced to within a few yards of where they were cowering, and with an awful frown and in a sepulchral tone demanded, "What are you two young fools doing here?" adding in a stern and warning voice, "you'd better be getting home!"

The ghost disappeared the instant he finished speaking—at least, neither of the young mortals saw anything more of him, though both are confident of having been nearly suffocated with the fumes of sulphur. But they took his advice and scooted down the street, the young lady making time that was only exceeded by that of her companion and protector. The youthful pair now speak with great respect of ghosts and demons, and care nothing for evening walks.

We know a gentleman who resides near the cemetery where the ghost lives, and who, on the night in question, hearing a noise in his garden, arose from his bed, and arrayed only in slippers and a long white "garment," proceeded to drive away a marauding cow that was raiding on his pet cabbages. Having driven her far enough, he made a short cut home through the graveyard; and happening to see two young folks sitting on a stone by the roadside, in the chilling night air, he forgot his costume, and approached to offer them some good advice, which they at once took. This was about midnight, but the gentleman did not see any ghost; he has no desire, however, to throw any discredit upon the statements of those who did see him.—*Portsmouth Gazette.*

Tattlers.

Every community is cursed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's affairs but their own. Such people are the poorest specimens of humanity which exist upon this blighted earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt. But the object of this present article is to speak of that distinct class of tattlers who make tale-bearing the constant business of their lives. They pry into the private affairs of every family in the neighborhood; they know the exact state of one neighbor's feelings toward another; they understand everybody's faults, and no little blunder or misdemeanor ever escapes their watchfulness. They are well posted upon every thing connected with courtship and matrimony, and know who are going to marry whom, and can guess the exact time by every movement of parties suspected of matrimonial intentions, and, if there is the slightest chance to create a disturbance, excite jealousy, or "break up" a match, they take advantage of it, and do all in their power to keep people in a state of constant vexation. They glide quietly from gentleman to lady, from mother to daughter, from father to son, and in the ears of all they pour their bitter whispers of slander and abuse, and, at the same time, pretend to be the most sincere friends of those they talk to. Their nauseous pills of slander are sugar-coated with smiles and words of friendship.

Tattlers are confined to no particular class, and they operate in all. We find them among the rich, and the poor—"upper ten" and the "lower million," in the church and out of it. They are people who have no higher ambition than to be well informed in regard to other people's private business, to retail scandal to their neighbors, and to exult in fiendish triumphs over the wounded feelings and bruised hearts of their innocent victims.

The Origin of "Hurrah!"

The cry "Hurrah!" was proved by a German writer to have been received by the Germans from the people coming from the East at the time of the "Volkerwanderung." It was then "Harra!" subsequently changed in the wars with the Slaves, Huns, and Avars, to "Ware!" A writer in the Vossian Zeitung, who has lived several years in India, gives a still farther explanation on the origin of these cries: "The word 'Harra!' really 'Harri!' was got by the old Germans in the first place from people who wandered into Europe from Central Asia. The word harra (harri) is used to this day among the Hindoos of Eastern India as a designation for God, being one of their names for the god Vishnu. When the Hindoos have anything difficult to accomplish, they cry 'Harri!' 'Harri!' This cry is very frequently used by the Hindoo boatmen, when their boat happens to get stuck on a sand bank in the Ganges. Putting all their strength together, they call out 'Harri!' 'Harri!' and exert their utmost power until they bring it afloat. When the boatmen are towing the boat up the stream, and come to a strong current, where they wish to go quickly and securely over difficult and dangerous parts, the same cry is used. It is probable that the Hindoo soldiers use the cry 'Harri!' in war. In short the word Harri is used by the Hindoo whenever he is conscious of his own weakness, and feels the necessity of divine help. The word Harri, therefore, which our forefathers got from the peoples emigrating to Europe from Asia, and from which the cry of 'Hurrah!' is derived, signifies 'God help us!'"

☞ Petroleum originates in limestone rock. Near Chicago is a bed of Niagara, limestone which contains nearly half its weight of oil, four square miles of which contain more oil than Pennsylvania has produced in ten years. Not a drop of this oil is obtainable, however, because the strata must be subjected to intense heat to distil the oil into crevices in the rocks, which has been the case with the Pennsylvania formation. An obvious inference from the occurrence of petroleum in limestone is, that it arises from the remains of an oily polyp, which built the coral reefs from which the limestones were formed.—*Circular.*

SPARROWS.

BY MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flutter, and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose these wonderful strings;
And perhaps the Thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds, among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet—
How value rises, and how declines;
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossiping foolish-sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives,
Hopes, and joys, and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say.
But from end to end his meaning arrives,
And His word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightnings then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the works, and the hopes, and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings,
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay; he planned for the birds with the larger things.

—*Old and New.*

MY LADY VISITOR;

Or, MR. ELA'S STORY.

Three or four years ago, my husband and I were making a winter voyage up the Oregon coast. The weather was not peculiarly bad: it was the ordinary winter weather, with a quartering wind, giving the ship an awkward motion over an obliquely rolling sea. Cold, sick, thoroughly uncomfortable, with no refuge but the narrow and dimly-lighted state-room, I was reduced in the first twenty-four hours to a condition of ignominious helplessness, hardly willing to live, and not yet fully wishing or intending to die.

In this unhappy frame of mind the close of the second weary day found me, when my husband opened our state-room door to say that Mr. Ela, of ——, Oregon, was on board, and proposed to come and talk to me, in the hope of amusing me and making me forget my wretchedness. Submitting rather than agreeing to the proposal, chairs were brought and placed just inside the doorway, where the light of the saloon lamps shone athwart the countenance of my self-constituted physician. He was a young man, and looked younger than his years; slightly built, though possessing a supple, well-knit frame, with hands of an elegant shape, fine texture, and great expression. You saw at a glance that he had a poet's head, and a poet's sensitiveness of face; but it was only after observation that you saw how much the face was capable of which it did not convey, for faces are apt to indicate not so much individual culture as the culture of those with whom we are habitually associated. Mr. Ela's face clearly indicated to me the intellectual poverty, the want of æsthetic cultivation in his accustomed circle of society, at the same time that it suggested possible phases of great beauty, should it ever become possible for certain emotions to be habitually called to the surface by sympathy. Evidently a vein of drollery in his nature had been better appreciated, and oftener exhibited to admiring audiences, than any of the finer qualities of thought or sentiment of which you instinctively knew him to be capable; and yet the face protested against it, too, by a gentle irony with a hint of self-scorn in it, as if its owner, in his own estimation, wrote himself a buffoon for his condescension. Altogether it was a good face, but one to make you wish it were better, since by not being so it was untrue to itself. I remember thinking all this, looking out with sluggish interest from my berth, while the two gentlemen did a little preliminary talking.

Mr. Ela's voice, I observed, like his face, was susceptible of great change and infinite modulations. Deep chest tones were followed by finely attenuated sounds; droning nasal tones, by quick and clear ones. The quality of the voice was soft and musical; the enunciation slow, often emphatic. His manner was illustrative, egotistic, and keenly watchful of effects.

"You never heard the story of my adventure in the mountains?" Ela began, turning to me with the air of a man who had made up his mind to tell his story.

"No; please tell it."

"Well"—running his tapering fingers through his hair and pulling it over his forehead—"I started out in life with a theory, and it was this: that no young man should ask a woman to marry him until he had prepared a home for her. Correct, wasn't it? I was about nineteen years old when I took up some land down in the Rogue River Valley, and worked away at it with this object."

"Had you really a wife selected at that age?"

"No; but it was the fashion in early times in that country to marry early, and I was getting ready, according to my theory; don't you see? I was pretty successful, too; had considerable stock, built me a house, made a flower garden for my wife—even put up the pegs or nails she was to hang her dresses on. I intended that fall to get on my horse, ride through the Waliamet Valley, and find me my girl."

At the notion of courting in that off hand, general style, both my husband and I laughed doubtingly. Ela laughed, too, but as if the recollection pleased him.

"You think that is strange, do you? 'Twasn't so very strange in those days, because girls were scarce, don't you see. There wasn't a girl within forty miles of me; and just the thought of one, now, as I was fixing those nails to hang her garments on—why, it just ran through me like a shock of electricity!

"Well, as I said, I had about two hundred and fifty head of cattle, a house with a garden, a young orchard, with vegetables growing—everything in readiness for the wife I had counted on getting to help me take care of it. And what do you think happened? There came such a plague of grasshoppers upon the valley that they destroyed every green thing: crops, orchard, flowers, grass, everything! My stock died—the greater portion of them—and, *I was ruined!*" (Deep bass.) "I considered myself disappointed in love, too, because, though I had not yet found my girl, I knew she was somewhere in the valley waiting for me; and I felt somehow, when the grasshoppers ate up everything, as if I had been jilted. Actually, it pierces me with a pang now to think of those useless pegs on which so often my imagination hung a pink calico dress and a girl's sun-bonnet."

Knitting his brows, and sighing as he shifted his position, Ela once more pulled the hair over his forehead, in his peculiar fashion, and went on:

"I became misanthropic—felt myself badly used. Packing up my books and a few other traps, I started for the mountains with what stock I had left, built myself a fort, and played hermit."

"A regular fort?"

"A stockade eighteen feet high, with an embankment four feet high around it, a strong gate, a tent in the middle of the enclosure, all my property, such as books, feed, arms, etc., inside."

"On account of Indians?"

"Indians and white men. Yes, I've seen a good many Indians through the bead of my rifle. They learned to keep away from my fort. There were mining camps down in the valley, and you know the hangers-on of those camps? I sold beef to the miners; had plenty of money by me sometimes. It was necessary to be strongly forted."

"What a strange life for a boy! What did you do? How spend your time?"

"I herded my cattle, drove them to market, cooked, studied, wrote, and indulged in misanthropy, with a little rifle practice. By the time I had been one summer in the mountains, I had got my hand in, and knew how to make money buying up cattle to sell again in the mines."

"So there was method in your madness—misanthropy, I mean."

"Well, a man cannot resign life before he is twenty-one. I was doing well, and beginning to think again of visiting the Waliamet to hunt up my girl. One Sunday afternoon—I knew it was Sunday, because I kept a journal—I was sitting outside of my fort writing, when a shadow fell across the paper, and, looking up, lo! a skeleton figure stood before me." (Sepulchral tones, and a pause.) "Used as I was to lonely encounters with strange men, my hair stood on end as I gazed on the spectre before me. He was the merest boy in years; pretty and delicate by nature, and then reduced by starvation to a shadow. His story was soon told. He had left Boston on a vessel coming out to the north-west coast, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Umpqua, and been wandering about in the mountains ever since, subsisting as best he could on roots and berries. But you are becoming tired?"

"No, I assure you; on the contrary, growing deeply interested."

"The boy was not a young woman in disguise, or anything like that, you know—" with an amused look at me. "I thought you'd think so; but as he comes into the story as a collateral, I just mention his introduction to myself. I fed him and nursed him until he was able to go to work, and then I got Sam Chong Lung to let him take up a claim alongside a Chinese camp, promising to favor the Chinaman in a beef contract if he was good to the boy. His claim proved a good one, and he was making money, when two Chinamen stole a lot of horses from Sam Chong Lung, and he offered $400 to Edwards if he would go after them and bring them back. Edwards asked my advice, and I encouraged him to go, telling him how to take and bring back his prisoners." (Reflective pause.) "You can't imagine me living alone, now can you? Such an egotistical fellow as I am, and fond of ladies' society. You can't believe it, can you?"

"Hermits and solitaires are always egotists, I believe. As to the ladies, your loneliness was the result of circumstances, as you have explained."

"Well, I should have missed Edwards a good deal, if it had not been for some singular *incidents* which happened during his absence." Ela always accented the last syllable of any word ending in e-n-t, like "incident" or "commencement," giving it besides a peculiar nasal sound, which was sure to secure the attention. The word incident, as he pronounced it, produced quite a different effect from the same word spoken in the usual style.

"A man came to my fort one day who was naked and starving. He was a bad looking fellow; but a man naturally does look bad when his clothes are in rags, and his bones protruding through his skin. I clothed him, fed him, cared for him kindly, until he was able to travel, and then he went away. The next Sunday, I was sitting outside the stockade, as customary, reading some translations of the Greek poets, when, on raising my eyes from the book to glance over the approach to my fort—I was always on the alert—I beheld A VISION. Remember, I had not seen a woman for a year and a half! She was slowly advancing, riding with superb grace a horse of great beauty and value, richly caparisoned. She came slowly up the trail, as if to give me time for thought, and I needed it. That picture is still indelibly impressed upon my mind; the very flicker of the sunlight and shadow across the road, and the glitter of her horse's trappings, as he champed his bit and arched his neck with impatience at her restraining hand. Are you very tired?" asked Ela suddenly.

"Never less so in my life; pray go on."

"You see I had been alone so long, and I am very susceptible. That vision coming upon me suddenly as it did, in my solitude, gave me the strangest sensations I ever had. I was spell-bound. Not so she. Reining in her horse beside me, she squared around in her saddle, as if asking assistance to dismount. Struggling with my embarrassment, I helped her down, and she accepted my invitation into the fort, signifying, at the same time, that she wished me to attend to stripping and feeding her horse. This gave us mutually an opportunity to prepare for the coming interview.

"When I returned to my guest, she had laid aside her riding-habit and close sun-bonnet, and stood revealed a young, beautiful, elegantly-dressed woman. To my unaccustomed eyes, she looked a goddess. Her figure was noble; her eyes large, black, and melting; her hair long and curling; her manner easy and attractive. She was hungry, she said; would I give her something to eat? And, while I was on hospitable cares intent, she read to me some of my Greek poems, especially an ode of one of the votaries of Diana, with comments by herself. She was a splendid reader. Well, now," said Ela, slowly, with a furtive glance at me, and in his peculiar nasal tones, "you, can guess whether a young man, used to the mountains, as I was, and who had been disappointed and jilted as I had been, enjoyed this sort of thing or not. It wasn't in my line, you see, this entertaining goddesses; though, doubtless, in this way, before now, men have entertained angels unawares. You shall judge whether I did.

"What with reading, eating together, singing—she sang 'Kate Kearney' for me, and her voice was glorious—our acquaintance ripened very fast. Finally, I conquered my embarrassment so far as to ask her some questions about herself, and she told me that she was of a good New England family, raised in affluence, well educated, accomplished, but, by a freak of fortune, reduced to poverty; that she had come to California resolved to get money, and had got it. She went from camp to camp of the miners with stationery, and other trifling articles needed by them; sold them these things, wrote letters for them, sang to them, nursed them when sick, or carried letters express to San Francisco, to be mailed. For all these services, she received high prices, and had also had a good deal of gold given to her in specimens. I asked her if she liked that kind of a life, so contrary to her early training. She answered me: "It's not what we choose that we select to do in this world, but what chooses us to do it. I have made a competency, and gained a rich and varied experience. If life is not what I once dreamed it was, I am content.' But she sighed as she said it, and I couldn't believe in her content."

"You have not told us yet what motive brought her to you," I remarked, in an interval of silence.

"No; she hadn't told me herself, then. By-and-by, I asked her, in my green kind of a way, what brought her to see *me*. I never shall forget the smile with which she turned to answer me. We were sitting quite close; it never was in my nature, when once acquainted with a woman, to keep away from her. Her garments brushed my knees; occasionally, in the enthusiasm of talk, I leaned near her cheek. You know how it was. I was thinking of the useless pegs in my house down in the valley. 'You will be disappointed,' she said, 'when you learn that I came to do you a real service.' And then she went on to relate that, having occasion to pass the night at a certain place not many miles away, she had overheard, through the thin partitions of the house, the description of my fort, an account of my wealth, real or supposed, and a plan for my murder and robbery. The would-be murderer was so described as to make it quite certain that it was he whom I had fed, clothed, and sent away rejoicing, only a few days previous. I was inclined to treat the matter as a jest; but she awed me into belief and humility at once by the majesty with which she reproved my unbelief: 'A *woman* does not trifle with subjects like this; nor go out of her way to tell travellers tales. I warn you. Good-by.'

"After this she would not stay, though I awkwardly expressed my regret at her going. By her command, I saddled her horse, and helped her mount him. Once in the saddle, her humor turned, and she reminded me that I had not invited her to return. She said she could fancy that a week of reading, talking, riding, trout-fishing, and romancing generally, up there in those splendid woods, might be very charming. Was I going to ask her to come?

"I didn't ask her. A young man with a reputation to sustain up there in the mountains, couldn't invite a young lady to come and stop a week with him, could he? I must have refused to invite her, now, mustn't I?"

The perfect ingenuousness with which Ela put these questions, and the plaintive appeal against the hard requirements of social laws in the mountains, which was expressed in his voice and accent, were so indescribably ludicrous that both my husband and myself laughed convulsively.

"I never tell my wife that part of the story, for fear she might not believe in my regard for appearances, knowing how fond I am of ladies' society. And the struggle *was* great; I assure you, it was *great*.

"So she went away. As she rode slowly down the trail, she turned and kissed her hand to me, with a gesture of such grace and sweetness that I thrilled all over. I've never been able to quite forgive myself for what happened afterward. *She came back, and I drove her away.* Usually, when I tell that to women, they call me mean and ungrateful; but a young man living alone in the mountains has his reputation to look after—now, hasn't he? That's what I ought to have done—now, wasn't it?—what I always say I did do. It was the right thing to do, under the circumstances, wasn't it?"

While we had our laugh out, Ela shifted position, shook himself, and thridded his soft, light hair with his slender fingers. He was satisfied with his success in conveying an impression of the sort of case he took of his reputation. "Now, then, I was left alone again, in no pleasant frame of mind. I couldn't doubt what my beautiful visitant had told me, and the thought of my murder all planned out was depressing, to say the least of it. But, as sure as I am telling you, the departure of my unknown friend depressed me more than the thought of my possible murder. The gate barred for the night, I sat and looked into my fire for hours, thinking wild thoughts, and hugging to my lonely bosom an imaginary form. The solitude and the sense of loss were awful.

"This was Sunday night. Tuesday morning I received a visit from three or four mounted men, one of whom was my former naked and hungry *protege*. He did not now try to conceal his character from me; but said he was going down to clean out the Chinese camp, and proposed to me to join him, saying that when Edwards returned with the horses we would pay him the $400, as agreed by Sam Chong Lung. I was on my guard; but told him I would have nothing to do with robbing the Chinese; that they were my friends and customers, and he had better let them alone; after which answer he went off. That afternoon, Edwards came in with his prisoners and horses. He was very tired, on account of having travelled at night, to prevent the rescue of his prisoners by other vagabonds, and to avoid the Indians.

"You will understand how the presence of the horses increased my peril, as there was no doubt the scoundrels meant to take them. It wouldn't do either to let Edwards go on to the Chinese camp; so I persuaded him to wait another day. We brought the prisoners, bound, inside the fort, and took care of the horses. I said nothing to Edwards of my suspicions.

About dusk, my expected visitor came. He appeared to have been drinking; and, after some mumbling talk, laid down inside the fort, near the gate. I made the gate fast, driving the big wooden pins home with an axe; built up a great fire, and sent Edwards to bed in the tent. The Chinese prisoners were already asleep on the ground. Then I sat down on the opposite side of the fire, facing the gate, placed my double-barreled rifle beside me, and mounted guard."

"Had you no arms but your rifle?" asked my husband, anxiously.

"I wanted none other, for we understood each other—my rifle and I."

"What were you looking for; what did you expect? A hand-to-hand encounter with these men?" was next my inquiry.

"It seemed most likely that he had planned an attack on the fort. If so, his associates would be waiting outside for a signal. He had intended, when he laid down close to the gate, to open it to them; but when I drove the pins in so tight I caught a gleam from his eyes that was not a drunken one, and he knew that I suspected him. After that, it was a contest of skill and will between us. He was waiting his opportunity, and so was I.

"You think I've a quick ear, don't you? You see what my temperament is: all sense—all consciousness. My hearing was cultivated, too, by listening for Indians. Well, by-and-by, I detected a very stealthy movement outside the fort, and then a faint chirrup, such as a young squirrel might make. In an instant the drunken man sprung up; and I covered him with my rifle, cocked. He saw the movement and drew his pistol, but not before I had ordered him to throw down his arms, *or* DIE."

It is impossible to convey, by types, an idea of Ela's manner or tone as he pronounced these last words. They sounded from the bottom of his chest, and conveyed in the utterance, a distinct notion that death was what was meant. Hearing him repeat the command, it was easy to believe that the miscreant dared not do more than hesitate in his obedience. After a moment's silence—which was the climax to his rendering of the scene—he continued:

"I haven't told you, yet, how the man looked. He was a tall, swarthy, black-bearded fellow, who might have been handsome once; but who had lost the look which distinguishes men in sympathy with their kind; so that then he resembled some cruel beast, in the shape of a man, yet whose disguise fitted him badly. His eyes burned like rubies, out of the gloomy caverns under his shaggy eyebrows. His lips were drawn apart, so that his teeth glistened. The man's whole expression, as he stood there, glaring at me, was Hate and Murder.

"My eye never winked, while he hesitated. He saw that, and it made him quail. With my finger on the trigger, I kept my rifle leveled, while he threw down his arms—pistols and knife—with a horrible oath. With the knife in his hand, he made a movement, as if he would rush on me; but changed his purpose in time to stop my fire. His cursing was awful—the foam flew from his mouth. He demanded to be let out of the fort; accused me of bad intentions toward him, and denounced me for a robber and murderer. To all his ravings I had but one answer: To be quiet, to obey me, and he might live; dare to disobey me, and he should die.

"I directed him to sit down on the opposite side of the fire—not to move from that one spot—not to make a doubtful motion. And then I told him I knew what he was, and what he had meant to do. When he became convinced of this, he broke down utterly, and wept like a child, declaring that now he knew my pluck, and I had been the first man ever to get the best of him, he loved me like a brother!

"There was a long night before us, and I had got to sit there, with my rifle across my knees, till morning. I could move a little, to stir up or add to the fire; but he could have no liberty whatever. The restraint was horrible to him. One moment he laughed uneasily—another, cursed or cried. It was a strange scene, wasn't it? Finally, to pass the time, I asked him to relate the history of his life. He wanted first to shake hands, for the love he bore me. Touching my rifle, significantly, I pointed to a stick lying across the fire between us. 'That is our boundary line: don't go to reaching your hands over that.' Then he sank into a fit of gloom and sullenness.

"We must have remained thus silent until near midnight. Several times I observed him listening to slight sounds outside the fort. But his associates must have given up the game and gone off, for, as the morning hours approached, he ceased to listen, and everything remained quiet. His head was bent forward, his chin resting on his breast, the shaggy beard spreading over it like a mantle."

"How horrible it must have been to keep such company. Why not call on Edwards?"

"The boy was worn out; and there was no need. I was very much strung up, too; so that the exhaustion of sleeplessness, fatigue, or excitement was not felt or noticed. But *he* suffered. He was like a hyena caged, though he showed it only by involuntary movements and furtive glances. Finally, he could bear it no longer, and entreated me piteously, abjectly, to give him his freedom or blow out his brains. I told him he couldn't have his freedom, just yet; but he knew how to get his brains blown out, if he desired it. Then followed more execration, ending in renewed protestations of regard for me. I reminded him that talking would relieve the irksomeness of his position, again inviting him to tell me his history. He replied, that if he talked about himself, he should be sure to get excited and move about; but I promised to remind him.

"Once on the subject of himself, it seemed to have a fascination for him. What he told me was, in substance, this: He had been honestly raised, by good, affectionate parents, in the state of Missouri—loved a young girl, in the town where he lived; and, wishing to marry her, had resolved to go to California, to make the necessary money, quickly. He was successful—returned, full of joyful anticipations, and arrived at an old neighbor's, a few miles from his home, having hardly tasted food or taken any rest the previous twenty-four hours.

"While he hastily ate some breakfast and listened to the friendly gossip of his entertainers, one name, the name of her he loved, his promised wife, was mentioned. *She was married.* He staggered to his feet, asking the name of her husband; and when he heard it, he knew he had been betrayed by that man. He could recall a strange sensation in his brain, as if molten lead had been poured into it: that was the last of his recollections. Afterward, he learned that he had been weeks in a brain fever.

"When he had recovered, some of his old friends, thinking to do him honor, made an evening party for him. To this party came his love, and her husband—his betrayer. When she gave her hand to welcome him home, and looked in his eyes, he knew that she, too, had been betrayed. Again the molten lead seemed poured upon his brain. Turning to leave the room, Fate placed in his path the man he now hated with a deadly hatred. With one blow of a knife, he laid him dead at his feet. A few hours later, in the desperation of trying to escape, he killed two other men. Then he eluded his pursuers, and got back to California. Since then, he had reveled in murder, and every species of crime. Once he had seen, in the streets of Sacramento, the woman he loved. Up to that moment, it had never occurred to him that she was free. Following her to her home, he forced himself into her house, and reminded her of their former relations. She had denied all knowledge of him, finally calling upon her husband, to satisfy him. The husband ordered him out of the house, and he shot him. Then, the Vigilantes made it hazardous to remain in California. He fled to the mountains, where he was nearly starved out, when *I* took him in and fed and clothed him.

"Such was his story. My blood curdled in my veins, as I listened to the recital of his atrocities. 'In God's name,' I said, 'who are you—what is your name?' 'I am BOONE HELM.'"

"Who was Boone Helm?" I asked.

"One of the greatest desperadoes that ever was on this coast. He met his fate, afterward, up east of the mountains.

"What did *you* do with him? What *could* you do with him?"

"You ought to have shot him while you had him," my husband suggested.

"*I* didn't want to shoot him. He said, if I had been a coward, I would have killed him. To confess the truth, the wretch appealed to my sympathies. I don't think he had ever been sane since the time when he felt the 'molten lead poured into his brain.' I knew somebody was sure to kill him, before long; so, when morning came, I called Edwards to open the gate; and, when it was unbarred, escorted my visitor out, telling him that there was not room enough in that part of the country for both of us, and that the next time I pointed my rifle at him it would be to shoot. I never saw him again."

"Then he did not molest the Chinese camp?"

"No. Edwards got his four hundred dollars, and went home to Boston."

There fell a silence upon us, and, through my open door, I could see that the cabin was nearly deserted. Ela seemed wearied—sighed, and made a movement, as if to go.

"What about your Guardian Angel?" my husband asked. "You have not told us about her second coming."

"I always said that she didn't come; or else I say that she came, and I drove her away. That is proper; isn't it, now?" glancing at me.

"But *I* want to know if you have seen her—if you never met her anywhere in the world—since that time. I have a right to be curious—yes, or no?" I urged, laughingly.

"How do you feel, now?"—with a light laugh and peculiar change of expression.

"O, better; a great deal better. To be perfectly cured, I only need to hear the sequel."

"I may as well tell it, I suppose. It has been running in my head all day. Wouldn't want my wife to know it. Didn't think of meeting her when I came down to 'Frisco. You see, I've been in Oregon a long while—never travelled on a railroad in my life—wanted to see something of the great outside-world—and so, ran down to the great city to see the sights. The first thing I did, I went up to Colfax, on the cars; and while I was up there, the engineer invited me to take a ride on the engine—a special one. Now, I knew that he meant to astonish me, because he thought I was green; and I didn't know, really, how fast the thing ought to run. But we came down the grade with a speed that was ter-rif ic!—more than a mile a minute, the engineer said. When we got to Lincoln, the fellow asked me, with his superior sort of smile, 'How I liked *that* rate of travel?' I told him I liked *that* pretty well; 'but, I suppose, when you want to make time, you can travel at a considerably *more* accelerated rate of locomotion?'"

How we laughed at the natural drollery of the man—the deliberate utterance—the unsophisticated air. While we laughed, he prepared himself to finish his story.

"It was only day before yesterday," he said, "that I met her. I happened to be in the parlor of the hotel when she came in. At first, I wasn't certain of its being her; but, as I watched her, I became certain of it. And she recognized me: I felt certain of that, too. It was in the early part of the evening, and I had to wait until the people in the parlor would disperse. She saw what I was waiting for, and stayed, too; she told me with her eyes that she *remembered*. After awhile, she went to the piano, and played and sang 'Kate Kearney.' Then, I was satisfied that she would not leave me before I had spoken to her. As soon as the opportunity came, we confessed ourselves."

"Was she married? was she happy?"

"She was married, yes. Happy? she told me, as she had once before, that she was 'content.' She said it with a sigh, as she did the first time; and I doubted her, as I did then. But they are putting out the lights. There is always, in this world, somebody going around, putting out our lights. Good-night."

"Good-night."—*Overland Monthly.*

☞ A Saccarappa (Me.) woman has been blind for several years, yet performs all the household labor for herself, husband and two children, with the exception of occasional help in washing, which she pays for in knitting, and besides this knits a great deal for pay.

☞ The internal revenue returns show that Illinois pays more in the shape of internal taxation, than all the New England states combined.

☞ The Crispins' strike in New York city still continues, all the negotiations between the manufacturers and workmen having proved fruitless.

☞ A lady well known in Washington as a lobbyist, always accosts a stranger with: "I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clue for her finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off her usual game on a gentleman that understood her character, and who replied, "Most likely, madam, for I sometimes go there."

☞ All imperfection is unfitness to the conditions of existence.—*Herbert Spencer.*

The Indians of California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY OLD BLOCK.

NO. 4.

The Indians of California are most inveterate gamblers. They have a game in which one party holds a handful of short sticks or reeds, then letting them suddenly roll out on the hand; the opposite party guesses at a glance how many there are left in the hand. If he guesses right, he wins—if not, he pays the forfeit. Another game, is a species of slight of hand. The party holds a wad of grass or dissected fibres of bark in one hand, and a short, smooth bone in the other. With a kind of chant he makes passes, contriving to slip the bone into the roll often, watched closely all the while by the opposite player. Continuing his manipulations for some time, he suddenly divides his ball—and the opposite party is to guess in which roll the bone is. They will stake any article of value which they possess except their bows and arrows.

When I was living at my trading post on Feather River, 1850, among the Oleepas, one day I presented the chief with a full suit of clothes. He was very vain of the present—put them on at once, and went strutting among his clansmen, the envy and admiration of all the tribe.

Three hours after, he came into my house perfectly naked; not a single *rag* to cover him.

"Why, Oleepa," said I, "where are the clothes I gave *you*?"

"I lost them," he replied, with the utmost composure.

"Lost them?" I exclaimed, in wonder. "How, where did you lose them?"

"Oh, gambling; another Wanamach got 'em," he answered, without the thought of anything being wrong.

And I had the satisfaction of seeing that suit worn by four different individuals the same day. When one man won them, he was sure to lose them to another at the next sitting; and I believe the clothes finally went in the same way to a neighboring friendly tribe.

While it is contrary to their ethics to steal from their friends, they will not hesitate to appropriate any article they fancy from a stranger, or an enemy, if they can do so without detection; yet they obey implicitly the commands of their chief—and at his behest will return the stolen article. I had an interesting experience while I held jurisdiction over the mountain tribes between the American and Yuba rivers. At Grass Valley were extensive *placer* mines, known as sluicing claims. The dirt was thrown into long troughs, made of boards, and a stream of water directed upon it, which carried off the decomposed dirt, leaving the gold lodged against cleats which are nailed transversely across the boxes.

It was customary to clean these up for the gold thus deposited once a week, leaving the works exposed during the night.

One night, half a dozen Indians came into my place of business, about eight o'clock. Among them was a notorious rascal, who had given me more trouble to control than the whole of his tribe. He was a leading spirit for mischief—and as they rarely leave their camps at night to wander about the country, I was satisfied that something wrong was on foot.

"Why, Jim," said I, addressing the leader, "what are you doing away from your camp at this time of night?"

"We are going home," he answered; "we have been to Nevada, and got belated."

This seemed plausible enough, and they soon went out. Soon after I followed, on my way home for the night. I overtook them in a short distance.

"Why this is not the way to your *campo*, Jim. Your camp is near Osborn Hill"—in nearly an opposite direction—"how is it you go this way?"

"O, we camp to-night in the ravine—to-morrow go home," he replied, readily.

I knew this might be, from their roving habits, for they readily find beds on the hard ground whenever night overtakes them. Still I did not feel satisfied.

On going to my office the next morning, I found quite an excitement in town. The Indians had made a raid the night before, and cleaned up the Alta Sluice boxes, situated not more than half a mile from my house. I was appealed to by interested parties, and various threats made to shoot and exterminate the infernal Indians. "It was they who had stolen the gold, for they left the tracks of their bare feet in the moist earth. There was no doubt of it." And I did not doubt it; and I believed I knew the thieves.

"Well gentlemen," said I, "don't shoot; if the Indians took the gold, I think I can get it back—I'll see."

No Indian made his appearance in town that day; but during the next, a young man came in.

"Lum," said I, "go to the camp at Storm's Ranch, (some seven miles distant,) and tell Jim that if he does not return that gold which he and his comrades stole at the Alta mine, by to-morrow night, I will send every one of them to Tehama. And tell Jim not to come into town again till I give him permission, or he will be shot."

The next day passed—and I began to think that the power of my talisman was lost; but just as the lamps were lighted, an Indian came into my office and whispered in my ear. I followed him out doors, when he put into my hand six little packages of gold—a package for each Indian engaged in the raid. They had divided it among themselves; but I have no doubt they restored every scale of it. As for Jim, I determined to punish him, and I forbid his coming to town until I gave him permission. He often sent word of inquiry if he might come; but I was inexorable for thirty days, when I removed the ban, and restored him to favor.

Subsequently this rascal was badly wounded in his left arm. In a fray near Auburn, he had killed a friendly Indian. The brother of the murdered man watched his opportunity and shot at Jim, but not with true aim, for the ball from an old rifle missed his body, but broke the bone of his arm about half way between the shoulder and elbow. With the hardihood of a desperado Jim went to a butcher shop, borrowed a saw, and with the aid of the butcher sawed off the useless and dangling member. At last the wound healed, he barely escaping with life, but the bone protruded three inches beyond the stump, and thus remained exposed till the day of his death, which happened about three years subsequently.

Bad as Jim was I could control him, and he with his *Mahala* often slept in one of my out-houses, and took his meals from the kitchen. Indeed a night rarely passed in warm weather that several Indians did not bivouac around my house, and even to this day my yard and out-houses furnish lodgings to some strolling vagabond. It is human nature to caress the dog who fawns upon you, and I have not the heart to turn the cold shoulder to my old constituents.

They are most unblushing beggars, and the more you give them the more they will ask. Denial does not mortify or discourage them. A refusal to-day is not a refusal for to-morrow. Give them a shirt to-day, and they will ask for pants to-morrow; refuse to-day, and they will beg for *two bittu* the next time they meet you. Yet I never went into their camps when they were eating that they did not offer me a share. While living with the Oleepas, I was strolling through their village one day, when I espied a basket of what I took to be some kind of nuts. They held the basket towards me and I took one, and was raising it to my mouth, when I discovered it to be the chrysalis of a caterpillar which had been nicely browned. Not having a taste for caterpillars, I dropped it with some signs of disgust, when one of the Indians exclaimed *to pe, to pe*—i. e. "good, good;" and to show that it was a glorious edible, luscious as well as harmless, he ate a dozen, one after the other, looking me straight in the face and smacking his lips with delight.

I could only say *to pe* for Indian, but not good for *Americano*. Nothing goes amiss with them for food, except perhaps snakes, and *Coyotes* (a small wolf); these they do not eat, but I have seen his majesty King Weimer devour a roasted owl with gusto, when the very smell made me sick.

Their government was patriarchal. The chief was the great head of the family, and his commands were to be obeyed; yet I never heard of an instance where a command was enforced by any punishment. The chieftanship was hereditary, provided the son had capacity to manage their affairs, but it sometimes happened that he lacked the requisite qualifications, when he was deposed, and a better and braver man elected.

King Weimer was an elected monarch. His predecessor was ineffective, was deposed, and Weimer was chosen to fill his place. He was a man of good sense, and commanded great respect from his people, and he never abused their choice. He was about five feet six inches in height, with a broad chest, a round face and good-natured cast of countenance. He early recognized the power of the whites, saw that it was policy to be on friendly terms, and to the day of his death remained a firm and faithful friend of the Americans, restraining his tribes from many a contemplated foray, which he saw must inevitably end in their discomfiture. When death began to tell upon the Indians after the appropriation of their lands by the first settlers, chiefs of bands began to die, till at length the tribes became demoralized, and no longer elected new ones. They floated about, associating with other bands who had a head, till at last Weimer fell a victim to the stern behest of nature, and to-day I know of only four or five legitimate and acknowledged chiefs among them all. Whenever I had any official business with them, I had but little trouble, because I operated through their chiefs, for I was a bigger Indian than any of them, and could issue my orders through them. It was after the death of their principal men that I had much trouble, and then but a few times, for by meeting them in council or through the master spirits of the band, I managed to control their restless spirits.

I asked Weimar one day what were the impressions of the Indians when they saw the first white man.

"We did not know what to make of them," he said. "We were afraid, and hid behind the rocks. One day an Indian came running into the Penn Valley camp and said white Indians were coming. We went out near the trail and saw men with long beards and white faces. We thought they had dropped from the clouds. We were afraid to shoot them, so we watched them for miles till they reached the Valley of the Sacramento."

"Well, you know where white men come from now?"

"Yes—yes—white man come from San Francisco and Oregon. *Mucha* white *hombre* there, plenty gun—plenty powder—plenty coat—plenty breeches."

Whenever I had important official business I was usually accompanied by an interpreter, a young man who had been brought up in a white family, but who with their usual love of freedom again returned to the wild life of the savage. Moses became much attached to me, and he really was a good Indian. Sometimes he would come and remain with me for days, but he could not be persuaded to abandon his roving habits. He was faithful and honest, and never deceived me. At last Moses was taken sick with inflammation on the lungs. One day he came to my house, worn to a shadow, and having a dreadful cough. I was shocked at his appearance. I fitted up a bed for him, procured the services of a physician, and my wife and I watched over him with parental care for two weeks. At the end of that time he had improved considerably, and announced his determination to go to his camp.

"No, Moses, do not think of it yet. You are not well enough, and a relapse will be fatal."

"I want to see my wife and my child," he answered with feeling.

"I will send for them, Moses—they shall come here and stay with you till you get well. You must not think of going now."

"Oh, father, I must get back to the hills again. My home is under the pines. I love the manzanitas and the wild flowers. I love you, father, I love mother—but I must go now—once more home—but I will come back soon."

"Moses, you will die if you go now. You need the utmost care till you are stronger. Let me send for your wife and stay with us. You will be cold in your house, you will not have proper food, you will be sick and die."

"I'll come back, father, but I cannot stay. I must go." And I could not change his determination.

A few days after his brother came to me saying—

"Moses was sick, and wanted me to go to him." With my good wife I sallied out and reached his camp with some little comforts which we thought would be agreeable to him. We found him in his little shanty stretched upon his blanket, but the hand of death was upon him. A relapse had taken place as I anticipated, and now he was beyond cure. As we went in his eye lighted up with pleasure, and with some exertion he raised himself, and extending his hand said—

"I knew you would come, and mother, too. Oh, you are good to me! I am going to die. Not many days will pass, and I shall not be here. You have been a father to me. I love you, but I must go. I want you to do me one more favor."

"If I can do it, Moses, I will," I replied, much affected.

"Don't let the Indians burn me when I am gone. Take me where white men are carried, and put me in the ground. The Indians will burn my body, and then I can't be with you."

"You will meet me in Heaven, Moses; it is only the body dies. Your spirit will live, and you will be happy with me there."

"I don't know where—what you call it—Heaven is. You tell me it is a nice place. White man talk about it, but Indian have no place—they die and are burned up—and the women wail and cry. I don't want to be burned. I want to be buried like white folks, and then I can be with you, father. I am not afraid to die."

I could not talk to him in that crisis much, but I again told him of the spirit land, and that we should meet, and I promised him his last request should be complied with if in my power. He lingered but a few days, and we visited him every day. Late one night I heard a wild wail at my door, and running out found Bill the brother was there.

"He's dead, he's dead, Moses is dead," sobbed Bill. "Come up to him."

I could not go then, but I promised to be there early in the morning.

"Don't burn him, Bill—wait till I come."

Early the next morning I was about starting out, when casting my eye across the hills I observed a large smoke in the vicinity of the encampment. "There!" I exclaimed, "they have set fire to his house," for it is one of their customs to burn the house and everything it contains upon the death of the owner. "I hope I shall be in time to save the body." I rode as fast as my horse could carry me, but, alas! I was too late.

They had placed the body upon the funeral pile, and it was nearly consumed when I arrived, and my last look upon what was left was the burnt and blackened remains of my Indian friend—poor Moses!

A fatality seemed to follow his family, for within a year his wife, child, and brother all died, and his band was broken up.

Examples and incidents of Indian life and customs exist almost without end, in my experience, but I fear to try the patience of my reader further, and so dismiss the subject.

Those who are left still follow the customs of their fathers, but their spirit of independence is fading away, and although the whites are generally kind to them they are but a wreck of their former greatness.

Counterfeiters.

Two men—W. Howard, and W. H. Jackson—have been detected in New York, in dealing in counterfeit money. The officers, going to their place of *business*, discovered a well-appointed room, with desks, and safe, and other first-class office furniture. Opening one of the desks there came to light more than seven hundred letters—letters from every part of the country, and containing orders for an aggregate of $575,000 worth of the spurious stuff in which the swindlers traded. A main feature of their mode of operation was to write to postmasters, stating that they were getting out a new edition of their stupendous work, the United States Directory—and asking for lists of names of business men in the place where the postmaster served Uncle Samuel. To the persons bearing these names they would send their tempting circulars—and many a weak spot in the nature of crime did they thereby fasten on individuals of previously reputable account.

The rogues' private memorandum book showed their receipts in seven days, to be nearly $30,000. Receipts of bills for board at the Grand Central Hotel, from Tiffany for diamonds and such like luxurious trifles, told the tale of how different the manner of their existence for some months past has been, from what it will be in months to come.

This morning's post brought to the John Street office, among other orders, one from a man in Palmyra, N. Y., for $10,000. He says he can distribute the money among laborers whom he employs. A woman of Wilmington, N. C., wants $10,000, which she thinks would be "useful on my plantation;" whereat visions of citizens of African descent, undone in their simplicity, appear to the mind's eye. South Carolina speculators alone want $217,000; suggestive of an indefinite number of fifteenth amendments constructively sold by the shrewd carpet-bagger. These fellows, Howard and Jackson, received about two hundred letters a day, and their abominable business absolutely ramified the continent.—*New York World.*

☞ Seven persons in one family in Philadelphia, were recently taken violently ill. The symptoms indicated a metallic poison. They had all dined together on the day of the attack, and by investigation the physicians discovered the difficulty. Stewed apple had been served at table, and this had been prepared in a brass kettle, and allowed to remain some time in it. The apples absorbed the deadly metallic poison, and, though all lives were saved, they were very ill. Housekeepers should receive and remember this warning.

☞ A recent sleep-walking scene at New Haven, was a very singular one. The somnambulist first jumped down 16 feet upon a tin roof, and, still asleep, deliberately walked off on to another six feet lower. Not satisfied with this achievement, he walked through a sky-light and lodged on a table ten feet below, and then in some way crawled back through the dismantled sky-light, cutting his feet badly in his struggles. The noise awakened a man in the house, who found the somnambulist standing upon the tin roof, with nothing on but his shirt, and entirely unconscious as to how he came there. He was wounded and nearly frozen, and was taken back into the house and properly cared for. All in all it was the most astonishing feat of somnambulism on record.

☞ Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind's husband, having squandered his wife's fortune, the nightingale in now so reduced as to be compelled to teach music for a living. The ill-matched pair have separated by mutual consent, and the spendthrift must now shift for himself.

☞ The Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Review does not "know of any drug which would produce the immediate yet temporary insensibility which is popularly supposed to follow the use of drugged liquor," and is of the opinion that the talk about liquor having been drugged is only a sort of apology for having been drunk. The Review is no doubt more than half right.

A Good word for the Girl of the Period

To sum up in half a dozen words the character of the "girl of the period," we find that she has, with more freedom of action, acquired a standard of healthy development, and approaches to a degree of physical perfection unknown to those of a couple of generations back. She retains all the virtues of her grandmothers, but adds to them a certain confidence, a certain go-ahead spirit, a disregard for consequences, which is a peculiarity of the times, has grown upon her insensibly, and is no fault of hers, but which she cannot help. Her vices, like the masks and dresses at a masquerade, are for the most part assumed in a playful spirit, and no more represent her true sentiments than a weathercock on a church-steeple does the living bird. Her good points do not glare out and dazzle us; but rather, like the lamp of the glow-worm, shine forth from beneath the covert to attract only the one it is intended to attract.—*English Woman's Magazine.*

FROM Iowa comes a story of a school-boy who was allowed one day by the teacher of his department to go home. The next day the principal of the school having noted the absence, without knowing the reason, accused the absentee of playing truant. The charge was promptly denied, whereupon the principal struck the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head and face. The latter went home with a severe headache, which was followed by a fever; the side of the head upon which the blow fell meantime became much inflamed, swelled up, and gave constant pain; in short, the boy died under such circumstances that the attending physician and the parents unhesitatingly gave it as their opinion that his death was caused by the blow. This reminds us of a case we saw reported a short time ago of a teacher who roughly punished a little boy, and then, because he screamed, sent him to the principal to be "caned." It was afterward discovered that the child's arm was broken by the first assailant, which certainly justified his screaming.

A FRENCH journal, published at Mezieres, has hit upon a novel yet simple plan of ridding France of her unwelcome invaders. There are sixty thousand Franco-tireurs, says the martial writer, "Let each one of them kill a German soldier a day, and in ten days there will not be left alive an armed foeman on the soil of France." If the Franco-tireurs will carry into effect this novel bit of strategy, there is an end of the siege of Paris, the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, the dismantling of Metz and Strasbourg; in short, of all the vexed questions of the war. The only obstacles in the way are the six hundred thousand Germans who may refuse to go by twos and threes to secluded nooks for the express purpose of being assassinated by sixty thousand Franco-tireurs.

☞ The Egyptians, two thousand years ago, could make fine linen cloth of quality equal to any that is now worn.

☞ When ideas enter a barren brain, they lie inactive and die, like seed cast into sterile ground; but when they fall on a genial soil, they are almost sure to germinate and spring forth in some new or beautiful forms.

☞ "Looking at the aurora borealis" is the excuse heads of families and young men give now at breakfast for being out late the previous evening.

☞ "YOUNG" MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS.—Referring to the popular mania for prefixing to all manner of associations the appellation young, when the members thereof are approaching the sere and yellow leaf of life, a contemporary says: "We have seen a Young Men's Library Association, the entire directory of which couldn't furnish hair enough of indigenous growth to stuff a pincushion, and an organization of Young Men whose heads, when gathered in full conclave, were compared by an irreverent observer to a watermelon patch."

THERE shall be less distress
Than heretofore,
When men make poetry less,
And live it more.—*B. G. Hosmer.*

☞ Carlyle says of universal suffrage:—"On wondrous system of extricating the wisdom of the people by counting their noses; getting the hidden essence of vox populi from thirty millions of people—mostly fools."

☞ It is the best things that are capable of the worst abuse; the very abuse may test the value.—*Theodore Parker.*

☞ Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

☞ The "Wandering Jews" are an Illinois base ball club.

☞ It has been resolved that the students of Harvard University shall be taught to write and to speak the English language. Good.

☞ In Lexington, Ind., recently, Mrs. Matilda Brown got a divorce on Tuesday evening, a marriage license on Wednesday morning, and before dusk was off on her bridal trip as Mrs. John J. Rude. She was first "done Brown," and then rather "Rude."

☞ Seventy-two November meteors were observed by the officers of the United States Coast Survey in California on the nights of the 13th and 14th ult. It appears to be the opinion of scientific men that the earth has passed out of the meteoric belt.

☞ An acquaintance met Thackeray one day after his return from America, and asked him what he thought of the Republicans there—for he imagined that the famous novelist was a Democrat also. "I shall record my opinions of the Americans," answered Thackeray, "in the book that I DON'T MEAN TO WRITE."

☞ A LITTLE FAILING.—Nervous Old Lady—"Now, cabman, you're sure your horse is quiet? What's he laying back his ears like that for? Look!"

Cabby—Oh, that's only her femi-*nine* cur-'osity, mum. She likes to hear where she's a goin' to!"

☞ Tight lacing caused the sudden death of a young lady in a Springfield (Ohio) ball-room last week.

☞ The Canterbury Shakers have just put a cabinet organ in their worship room—the first musical instrument they have ever owned.

☞ A train of twenty-two cars has just arrived in Philadelphia with an invoice of twenty car-loads of tea and two of silk, only thirty-four days out from Yokohama, or twenty-three days on the Pacific, in one of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamers, and eleven days from San Francisco, via the Central and Union Pacific road to Omaha, and the Star line to this city.

☞ The latest quotations from Constantinople report Circassian girls lively and in request at from $1,000 to $4,000 for middling to choice; scalawags and Africans dull and drooping at $400 to $600 for ordinary.

☞ The members of the anti-Masonic society recently organized in Iowa, are instructed "not to vote for, trade with, buy from, employ, or have any other business relations with Free-masons."

☞ A despatch from Rawlins, Wyoming Territory, says that Judge Kingman has discharged the petit jury there, and fined them $10 each for playing "seven up" in the jury room while deliberating on a case. Funny place, Wyoming.

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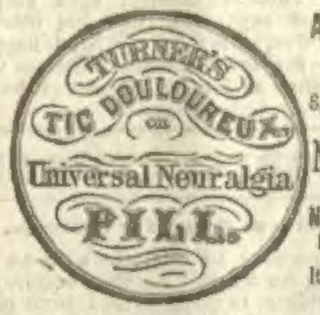

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Trials of a Witness.

As All people seem to come to you with their troubles and grievances, I hope you will not refuse to listen to my woes. And whether they are woes or not, I leave you to judge for yourself.

At the beginning of last week I made my first appearance in any court-room, in the character of a witness, in the case of Valentine vs. Orion; in which the point in dispute was the ownership of a tract of land in Wyoming Territory. I knew something in regard to the sale of these lands, and was fully prepared to testify to the extent of my knowledge in the premises; but judge of my utter surprise and horror on being obliged to go through such an ordeal as the following extracts from my examination will indicate.

The counsel for the plaintiff commenced by asking me if I was a married man, and when I had answered that I was, he said:—

"Is your wife a believer in the principles of the Woman's Rights party?"

I could not, for the life of me, see what this had to do with land in Wyoming, but I answered, that I was happy to say she was not.

The examination then proceeded as follows:—

Q. You are happy, then, in your matrimonial relation? *A.* Yes—(and remembering the oath) reasonably so.

Q. Is your wife pretty? *A.* (Witness remembering at once his oath and his wife's presence in court.) She is pretty pretty.

Q. What are her defects? *A.* (Witness remembering only his wife's presence.) I have never been able to discover them.

Q. Do you wear flannel? *A.* Yes, in winter.

Q. Can you testify upon your oath, that you do not wear flannel in summer? *A.* I can.

Q. Now be careful in your answer. What do you wear in the spring and fall? *A.* I—I wear my common clothes.

Q. With flannel, or without flannel? *A.* Sometimes with, and sometimes without.

Q. No evasion; you must tell the Court exactly when you wear flannel, and when you do not.

A series of questions on this subject brought out the fact that I wore flannel when the weather was cold, or cool; and did not wear it when it was mild, or warm.

Q. Have you a lightning-rod on your house? *A.* I have.

Q. How much did it cost you to have it put up? *A.* It has not cost me anything yet—I owe for it.

Q. Is that all you owe for? *A.* No. I have other debts.

Q. Have you any money with you now? *A.* I have.

Q. How much? *A.* (Counting contents of porte-monnaie.) Sixty-two cents.

Q. Where did you get that? *A.* (With embarrassment.) I borrowed it.

Q. Were you present when defendant first offered his land for sale to the plaintiff? *A.* (Brightening up.) I was.

Q. Do you burn gas or kerosene in your house? *A.* Gas.

Q. How many burners? *A.* Ten, I think.

Q. Are you willing to assert, upon your solemn oath that there are only ten? *A.* (Witness counting on his fingers.) I am.

Q. Do you wear studs or buttons on your shirt fronts? *A.* Studs.

Q. Gold, or pearl? *A.* Mother-of-pearl, as a general thing, but sometimes I wear one gold one at the top.

Q. Were all your studs of mother-of-pearl, at the time when you first heard this transaction mentioned between the parties? *A.* They were.

Q. Do you ever wear your gold stud in the middle of your bosom? *A.* No, sir, I always wear it at the top.

Q. Do you ever wear it at the bottom? Can you swear it was not at the bottom on the day of the transaction referred to? *A.* I distinctly remember that I did not wear it at all that day.

Q. Did you wear it that night? *A.* No, sir.

Q Can you swear that after you went to bed you did not wear it? *A.* I can.

Q. Have you ever been vaccinated? *A.* I have.

Q On which arm? *A.* The left.

Q. At the time of the first mention of this land to the plaintiff, who were present? *A.* (Witness speaking with vivacity, as if he hoped they were now coming to the merits of the case.) The plaintiff, the defendant, and myself.

Q. Do you use the Old Dominion coffee-pot in your house? *A.* (Dejectedly.) No, sir.

Q. What kind of a coffee-pot do you use? *A* A common tin one.

Q. You are willing to swear it is tin? *A.* I am.

Q. Has your wife any sisters? *A.* She has two; Anna and Jane.

Q. Are they married? *A.* They are.

Q. Are either of them as pretty as your wife? *A.* (Quickly.) No, sir.

Q. Have you any children? *A.* Two.

Q. Have they had the measels? *A.* They have.

Q. Has any other person in your house had the measels? *A.* I have had them, and my wife has had them.

Q. How do you know your wife has had them? *A.* She told me so.

Q Then you did not see her have them? *A.* No, sir.

Q. We want no hearsay evidence here; how can you swear that she has had them, when you did not see her have them? *A.* She told me so, and I believed her.

Q Did she take an oath that she had had them? *A.* No, sir.

Q. Then, sir, you are trifling with the Court Do you understand the obligations of an oath? *A.* I do.

Q. Beware, then, that you are not committed for perjury. Is you gas-meter ever frozen? *A.* Yes, sir.

Q. What do you use when the gas will not burn? *A.* Candles.

Q. How many to the pound? *A.* Nine.

Q. How do you know there are nine to the pound? *A.* They are sold as nines.

Q. Then you never weighed them yourself? *A* No, sir.

Counsel, to the *Court*. May it please your Honor, this is the second time that this witness has positively testified, under solemn oath, to important points of which he has no certain knowledge. I ask the Court for protection for myself and my client.

Here a long discussion took place between the lawyers and the Judge, and at the end of it the case was postponed for four months. I suppose it is expected that I will then re-ascend the witness-stand; but I have determined that when I enter a court-room again, I shall appear as a criminal. These fellows have much the easiest times, and they run so little risk, now-a-days, that their position is far preferable to that of the unfortunate witness.—*J. Badger, in Punchinello.*

THE LAST SURVIVORS.—Many years ago, in England, there was a band of freebooters, all quite young men. One of them abandoned it, reformed, studied law, and rose to the rank of judge. While sitting to try one of the band, whom he recognized, but not in the least thinking the prisoner would know him, and feeling some curiosity concerning them, he asked his old chum what had become of them. The prisoner, heaving a sigh, replied: "They are all hanged but your lordship and me."

AN ANECDOTE FROM SALT LAKE.—A gipsey came to Brigham Young with a pony for sale.

"Why, the beast is half-starved," said Brigham, running his hand over the pony's side. "You can count his ribs."

"That's more'n a chap could do with yours," retorted the gipsey.

Brigham Young did not buy that pony.

Punchinello.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—That irrepressible philosopher, Josh Billings, thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of *farmers* is invited: "John Rogers' revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-greasing, and self-righteous horse-rake is now and forever offered to a generous public. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a hitching-post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad-cast in a ten-acre lot of wheat stubble. They can be used in winter for a hen-roost, or be sawed up into stovewood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral character should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one."

How It Was Done.

A man cannot well describe that which he has never seen nor heard; but the absolute words of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebian, or below the proper standard of high bearing and high breeding; they were a handsome pair, living among educated people, sufficiently given to mental pursuits, and in every way what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The site of the passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

"GENTLEMAN.—'Well, Miss ——, the long and the short of it is this: here I am: you can take me or leave me."

"LADY.—Scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another. 'Of course I know that's all nonsense.'

"GENTLEMAN.—'Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane, here I am: come, at any rate you can say something.'

"LADY.—'Yes. I suppose I can say something.'

"GENTLEMAN.—'Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me?'

"LADY.—Very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering work on a wider scale. 'Well, I don't exactly want to leave you.'"—*Trollope.*

Marrying a Princess.

If we remember rightly, the last occasion on which a Princess of England married one of her father's subjects was when Mary, the daughter of Henry VII., and the girl-widow of Louis XII. of France, made a runaway match of it with handsome Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. The erring couple were, however, speedily forgiven by the bride's brother, then on the throne; and, at a grand tournament held to celebrate this reconciliation, the Duke appeared with his charger's housings half cloth of gold and half cloth of frieze, embroidered with the following motto:—

"Cloth of frieze, be not to bold,
Though thou art matched with cloth of gold;
Cloth of Gold, do not despise,
Though thou art matched with cloth of frieze—"

which *apropos* of the present union, might be rendered as—

"Lord of Lorne, be not elate,
Though a princess be thy mate;
Princess, do not look in scorn,
Though 't is thine to be for Lorn."

☞ Do daily and hourly your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly. Do it as it presents itself; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged, or not, but do not fail to do it.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE BEAR.—"The bears of the new world seem to have a great similarity to those of the old world."—*Buffon.*

☞ Thomas Greeley, aged ninety-six, has just separated from his wife, aged ninety-five, after having lived happily together for seventy years. Thomas Greeley got jealous of Mrs. G. That was the reason of it.—*Exchange Paper.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Horse Paper for Farmers.

In learning to ride, there is no better training for a small boy than ordinary bareback riding, in going to and from pasture, ploughing out corn, and carrying bags to the mill. The best teacher he can possibly have for his lessons is a good-natured, quiet, easy-going old horse; for what he needs to learn first is an easy familiarity with his new seat. To be able to get on and to stick fast is an important point gained, and bareback riding is a good school in which to acquire it, but little further can be learned. With a full-sized horse, however, it is not easy to get much beyond this, until the boy is fifteen or sixteen, and has a certain length of leg.

When he is large enough to support himself by bearing from the knee upwards, leaving the leg below the knee perfectly free, he can with advantage attempt further progress; and it would be well for the boy and the horse to teach each other. If the horse can be exempted from harness work, all the better. The rider must understand that two important objects are to be sought as the foundation of his success.

I. The horse must be taught to carry his own weight and that of his rider equally on all four of his feet, and to use for the work only the muscles necessary to it, leaving all parts of his body, not in action, perfectly free and supple. A horse that pokes out his nose and carries a stiff neck when travelling is like a boy who works his tongue while writing, or a man who clenches his teeth while lifting a heavy weight. If the neck is stiff, the whole body will be rigid, and the whole position so constrained that graceful movement will be impossible.

II. The rider must learn to attach himself to the horse by the thighs alone. From his seat to his knees he should be unmovable; but from his hips upwards and from his knees downwards, he should be independent of the movements of the horse. The upper part of the body, resting easily on the hips, should assume naturally the constantly changing positions needed for balancing, while the legs below the knees should be free to move at the rider's will, without being used for the purpose of sticking on.

When these two ends are attained, the horse will be a good saddle beast, and the boy will be a good horseman; but their attainment is no easy matter. Even under systematic training, a suitable animal and a naturally graceful and good-tempered lad would not be likely to reach a very satisfactory point in less than six months' time; but the daily progress will be perceptible, and if the young man understands what he is about, he will enjoy every step of his work. It is difficult in a short article even to hint at the course to be pursued, and I can only hope that the little I do say will induce those interested in the subject to get hold of a good book on horse training and riding, and set regularly at work in what seems to me the most delightful of all occupations for a healthy and intelligent youth.

The first thing to be done is to learn the importance of keeping the temper. The utmost patience is indispensable. Every thing that it is proposed to do is new and strange to the horse, and his first impulse at the outset will be one of fear. He must be soothed and coaxed and petted, but rarely, if ever, scolded or punished. Teach him one thing at a time, and teach him that one thing over and over again, and in *successive lessons*. Never proceed to the second step, until he is eager to take the first, and until he takes it unfailingly well. The first lessons should be given on foot, but with saddle on and girths lightly buckled. The earlier lessons should be as follows, each being thoroughly learned before attempting the next:

I. Standing at the left side of the horse's head, take the curb reins near the bit in the left hand, and draw gently backward, and with a whip in the right hand, strike him lightly on the chest. As he moves backward, follow him steadily and keep striking him. When he starts forward, relax the reins, pat him on the neck and encourage him with the voice. Keep this up until he inclines to step forward the moment he feels the pressure on the rein.

II. Standing in front of the horse's face, take one curb rein close to the bit in each hand, push with the right hand and pull with the left (gently but firmly) until the horse turns his head toward the left side, well around to the shoulder. Hold it in that position for a moment, until he champs the bit and relaxes the muscles of the neck. Then bring the head back to its natural position, but let the horse understand that you do it, not he. Perform the same movement in the opposite direction. Repeat this until he will carry his face lightly to the shoulder on either side, the moment he feels the bit turning in his mouth.

III. Standing at the horse's left side, facing to the front, draw the right snaffle rein firmly over his neck close to the shoulder. Pull steadily until he bends his head around toward the right shoulder; then draw on the left curb rein gently, until he holds his face perpendicular, ceases pulling, and champs the bit. Release the snaffle rein and draw his head back to the front. Move to the horse's right shoulder, and turn in the same manner to the left.

IV. Standing at the left side of the saddle, with the right hand upon it, holding the curb rein, pull steadily until the horse ceases resisting and holds his head perpendicular without bearing on the rein.

V. The rider, being mounted, should hold the ends of the snaffle rein in his right hand at the height of the breast, lay his left hand across them over the horse's shoulder, and bear down with the left hand until the horse yields to the pressure, draws in his head and ceases to bear on the rein; then raise the left hand to release him.

VI. Draw steadily on the right rein of the snaffle until the horse's head is turned round, facing the rider's knee; then use left curb rein to bring the head to a perpendicular position, and when it is held lightly so, draw it back to the front. Perform the same movement to the left.

These six lessons may well occupy six weeks. There should be two lessons a day and no more, and it is better that each lesson should not exceed ten minutes, though the effort should never be given up without at least a slight progress being made. Be the time longer or shorter, nothing further should be attempted until the horse's head will take these positions on the slightest intimation of the rider's intention, so that it may be moved to the right or to the left, or brought in toward the chest by a movement of the little finger. When this is accomplished in a state of rest, teach the horse the same freedom while moving at a walk, and subsequently at a gentle trot. If he inclines, on feeling the pressure of the curb bit, to carry his head too low, pointing his nose toward his knees, it may be brought up to the proper position by extending the right hand to the front and raising up *one rein only* of the snaffle. The curb reins should always be held in the left hand.

Having taught this much thoroughly, teach the horse to move backward without stiffening his neck. In short, persevere until, under all circumstances and in performing whatever movements may be desired, the horse keeps his neck supple and refrains from pulling on the bit; and until his head can be moved about at pleasure, without frightening him or fretting him.

Thus far our attention has been given to the horse; but he will never be able to follow our instructions, unless his rider has learned to ride with his seat and not with his hands and legs. If he clasp the horse's belly with his heels, and use the reins as handles to hang on by, he will confuse the best horse in the world; consequently he must get his instruction, without trying at the same time to keep the horse up to the mark. If he can practice his riding at first on another horse, it will be all the better; if not, he must use only the snaffle rein, and use that *as little as possible*. Riding at the beginning only at a walk, he should swing his legs and his arms and move his head and body freely in all directions, while preserving an unchanging position of the thighs. When he feels perfectly at home in riding at a walk, he should go through the same exercises at a slow and finally at a fast trot, until as much at home in a moving saddle without stirrups as in a chair, and until he feels under no circumstances the slightest inclination to clutch either the reins or the horse's mane for a support, and can ride at a fast trot with the calves of his legs entirely away from the horse's sides.

He can now begin regular riding with the use of the curb rein, and the rest of the instruction for himself and his horse may be only incidental to his pleasure riding. There is much more to be learned about the art of horsemanship, but it would be tiresome here. Any one who has followed my brief instructions so far, will be interested to go to the books for further details.

I can easily imagine that some, who have waded through the foregoing paragraphs, will deride the idea of such a string of Frenchified nonsense being put into any article written *for farmers*. All right. It is not written for such farmers, but for the large and growing class who are eager for everything that can be made use of to add to the attractiveness of the lives of their sons, and who are willing to encourage an intelligent enthusiasm for any healthful and innocent pastime that promises a relief from the monotony of farm life. There is no "fancy" in the system above hinted at. It is the invention of an accomplished master (Baucher), and is the almost sole dependence of the military and civil horsemen of France and Germany. I had more real enjoyment in training horses by it than in all other sports of my boyhood. It makes up for the want of companions. A good horse is a capital substitute for a human friend; and when the teaching is fairly under way, so that palpable results are attained, and the mutual instruction and mutual friendship between the rider and his horse add zest to the pleasure of riding, I fancy that any properly constituted young man is in the way of getting as much real pleasure. Farmers' boys want something to vary the eternal round of duty that makes them ohufe so sorely. Let any doubting father give his boy a fair chance and encourage a *passion* for horsemanship. "Herbert's Hints for Horsekeeper's" will tell him all he really needs to learn from books about riding, about saddles and bridles, and about Baucher's system of training.—*American Agriculturist.*

Potash from Wool.

One of the most interesting among recent scientific applications is the method of extracting potash from the yolk of wool fleeces, which from this source for some time past has been obtained in great purity. It is computed that if all the fleeces of all the sheep of France, estimated at 47,000,000, were subjected to the new treatment, France would derive from this source alone all the potash she requires in the arts, enough to make about 12,000 tons of commercial carbonate of potash, convertible into 17,500 tons of saltpetre, which would charge 1,870,000,000 cartridges. So that the inoffensive sheep, the emblem of peace, can be made to supply the chief munitions of war. The obvious lesson from these facts, to the sheep farmer, is to wash his fleeces at home in such a manner that the wash water so rich in potash, may be distributed upon the land as liquid manure.—*American Artisan.*

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 12, 30, 42, 1, 5, 43, 38, 49, was a Grecian historian of celebrity.
My 54, 6, 4, 56, 51, was an English poet.
My 40, 39, 38, 55, 35, 1, 50, 17, was a learned Athenian.
My 29, 4, 5, 15, 57, 44, 20, 33, was an American discoverer and practical phallosopher.
My 46, 13, 8, 52, 18, 37, 48, was an English poet of the time of Elizabeth.
My 38, 35, 23, 20, 5, 4, was a celebrated Roman general.
My 32, 43, 27, 45, 51, 58, was a commander in the American Revolution.
My 51, 45, 38, 57, 8, 36, was a distinguished French financier.
My 38, 5, 43, 34, 24, 11, 32, 45, was an ancient city in the northern part of Africa.
My 32, 11, 42, 44, 46, were a barbarous people of Europe.
My 33, 35, 46, 1, 20, 53, 32, 47, was a battle fought near the coast of England.
My 43, 52, 46, 18, 20, 5, is a country in Europe.
My 47, 31, 38, 14, 44, 6, is an island.
My 55, 56, 54, 43, 41, 6, was a Scottish chieftain.
My 4, 5, 30, 50, 31, 32, 10, was a noble Englishman of the time of Elizabeth.
My whole is a quotation from Longfellow.

JOHN.

Charade.

My first is a much used, much abused article of the present day.
My second is our uncle.
My whole is a lake in Canada West.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Mathematical Problem.

A tub in the form of a conical frustrum, top diameter 20 inches, bottom diameter 16 inches, and depth 12 inches, is part full of milk, and stands on a horizontal floor. A lighted candle stands on a table near by; a line drawn from the base to the nearest point on the edge of the tub measures 30 inches, and makes an angle of 25 degrees with a horizontal line. Required—The curve that separates the shadowed from the illuminated portion of the surface of the milk, and the area of the illuminated portion, the depth of the milk being 8 inches.

☞ Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

A brick 8 inches long, 4 inches wide, and 2 inches thick, is thrown into the air, at random. Required—The chance that it will fall on the end. ELI FLINT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the present French government like a sardine? Ans.—Because there's no Bony-part in it.

☞ When does a ship display a propensity for climbing? Ans.—When she runs up her flag.

☞ Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Ans.—Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the jug or not. (Juggernaut.)

☞ When is water most liable to escape? Ans.—When it is only half tide.

☞ Why is a deaf door like a fox's coat? Ans.—Because it is fir.

☞ Why should you fine a man for possessing two eyes, a nose, and a mouth? Ans.—Because he is subject to four features. (Forfeitures.)

☞ Why is the fair sex in Canada suspected of a tendency to homicide? Ans.—Because it is fond of sleighing.

N. B.—No wonder the girls over there are considered so killing!

☞ Why is the figure nine like a peacock? Ans.—Because it's nothing without its tail.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan. RIDDLE—San Joan das dunes Barras.

Answer to J. D. W.'s PROBLEM of Oct. 22—5, 7, and 9.—J. D. W., O. R. Sheldon, I. J. Stiles, Veritas.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Oct. 15—80 625 inches.—E. P. Norton, Veritas, O. R. Sheldon.

Answers to Junior's PROBLEM of same date—602 blocks of each kind, 11215 cubic inches empty space.—Junior, D. Diefenbach. 640 block of each kind, and 233 cubic inches remaining.—O. R. Sheldon, Veritas.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of Aug. 26—64 feet.—Ego Geo, O. S. Sheldon.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of Nov. 5—1566.6 plus inches.—E. P. Norton.

Answer to Ego Geo's PROBLEM of same date—46 minutes.—Ego Geo, O. R. Sheldon.

Answers to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM of Sept. 17—1, 2, 5; 2, 5, 13; 5, 10, 29. An indefinite number of answers may be found.—Artemas Martin, O. R. Sheldon.

RECEIPTS.

STEWED MEAT.—Stewing is undoubtedly the most economical mode of cooking meat; by its use every part of the meat is retained, and nothing is lost or wasted. Joints, too tough or sinewy to be used in any other way, may be stewed with advantage. Stewing consists in subjecting meat for a considerable time to a very moderate heat in a small quantity of water. No good stew for an early dinner can be made the day it is wanted. The plan recommended is to cut the meat in pieces of the required size, pack them closely together, covering them with cold water, or, what is preferable, broth; place the stew-pan where it will gradually warm, and keep it for some hours at a heat considerably short of boiling. The albumen is thus dissolved, and the fibres so far softened and separated, that the toughest parts become tender and digestible. The stew should be put away in an open vessel until next day, when the fat should be removed from the top, and vegetables and seasoning added.

TO CLEAN A GOLD CHAIN.—Put it in a small glass bottle, with warm soapsuds and a little prepared chalk; shake it well, rinse in clear, cold water, and wipe on a towel.